

Per. (Sec. 36)

SCREENLAND

July

15¢

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What
it takes
to be a
PIN-UP GIRL
by
BETTY GRABLE

Betty Grable



It never rains but it pours...

**RHYTHM, SONG
AND ROMANCE!**

Bursting with the most fun
you've ever had! Get hep...to
the happiest time of your life!



STORMY WEATHER

with
LENA HORNE • BILL ROBINSON
CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS BAND

and **KATHERINE DUNHAM and HER TROUPE**
FATS WALLER • NICHOLAS BROTHERS

Directed by Andrew Stone • Produced by William LeBaron
Screen Play by Frederick Jackson and Ted Koehler • Adaptation by H. S. Kraft

A
sensational
cavalcade of
rhythm from
ragtime to
swing!

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

"Will I use Mum after this bath?"

Of course I will!"



Lovely girl, clever girl,

She knows this Charm Secret—

Baths take care of the past, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!

EVERY GIRL knows ways to heighten her appeal to a man! Her pretty clothes, her flattering make-up and hair-do—are chosen to catch his eye—perhaps help win his heart!

What a tragic mistake then, if she forgets this most important rule of charm: Never give underarm odor a chance! Why expect after-bath freshness to last without help—underarms need the added protection of Mum!

Baths just take care of the *past*—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes. Mum keeps you nice to know—fun to date! Start today with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose. Thousands of women use Mum this way, too!



Flower-fresh daintiness is a *must* for dates! So, every day and after your bath—smooth on Mum. It takes just half a minute—yet Mum prevents risk of underarm odor, all day or all evening long!



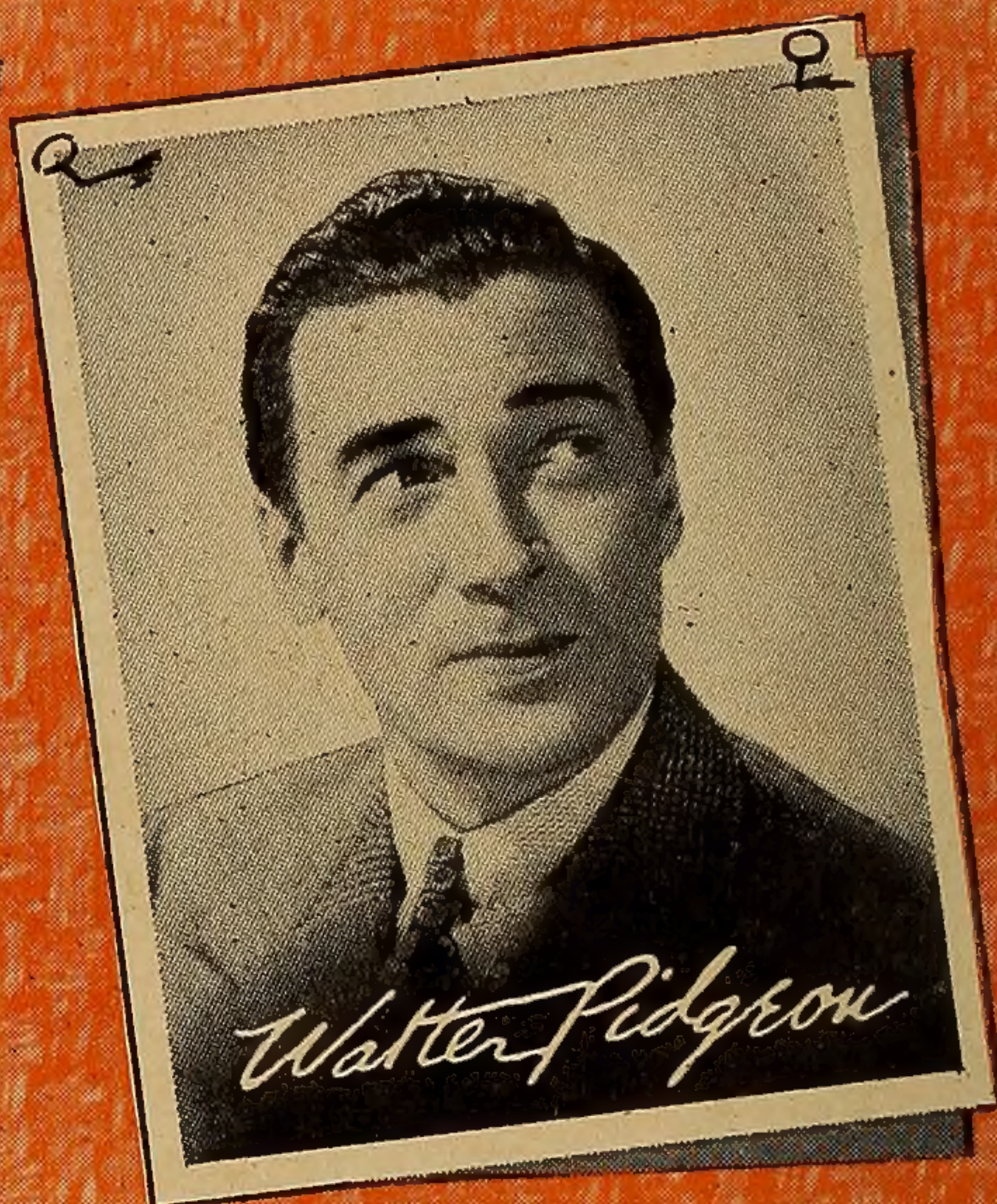
"Lovely you!"—will his thoughts say this after an evening of dancing? Dependable Mum guards charm so faithfully, you're *sure* of never offending. That's important if a girl wants to stay popular!



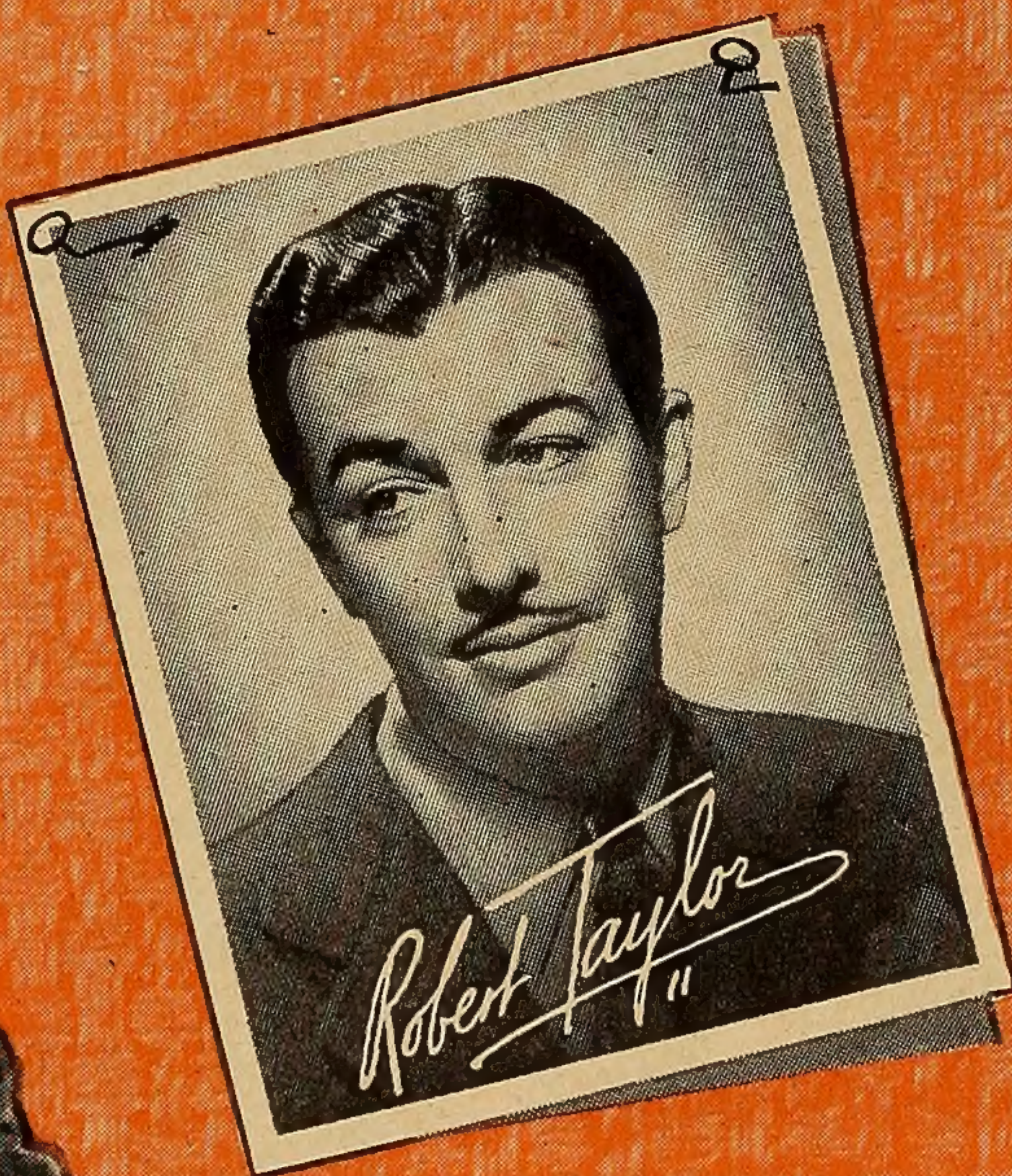
Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration!

Product of Bristol-Myers

She gets their autographs!



These are the
"guest stars"
(in the order of
their appearance)
in M-G-M's new
comedy hit
"The Youngest
Profession"



IT'S DIFFERENT!

*The most refreshing picture to
come out of Hollywood in years!*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

The
**YOUNGEST
PROFESSION**

with

**VIRGINIA WEIDLER • EDWARD ARNOLD
JOHN CARROLL • JEAN PORTER**

Screen Play by George Oppenheimer, Charles Lederer
and Leonard Spigelgass • Based Upon the Book by
Lillian Day • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced
by B. F. ZEIDMAN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SCREENLAND

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July, 1943

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Natural Color Photograph of BETTY GRABLE, 20th Century-Fox Star

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

Shortly you will hear about and see a great heroic production entitled significantly "Bataan." This will go down through the years as a great contribution to American motion pictures.

A future column will be devoted exclusively to "Bataan." For the present



we wish to tell you about a comedy—a delightful, young comedy that features great stars and virtually stars the great Virginia Weidler.

Do you know Virginia? She's the young lady you may have seen in "The

Philadelphia Story"—the nuisance, the thorn in Katharine Hepburn's side.

Like Judy Garland (whose "Presenting Lily Mars" is now hitting the boards and proving its entertainment merit) Miss Weidler has come of age.

Well—almost of age. For she plays the part of the president of an autograph club in "The Youngest Profession." This uproarious picture was instantly booked by the world's largest theatre, New York's Radio City Music Hall.

Cleverly introduced in well-written and well-played scenes are the great guest stars Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor and William Powell.

Edward Arnold, John Carroll and infectious Jean Porter join Virginia Weidler in a production of which director Edward Buzzell can be proud.



As for the guests. Lana Turner is herself in this one—and a nice self too.



Greer Garson again reveals the charm that made "Random Harvest" a buy-word.



Walter Pidgeon does a scene that imparts his true human sympathies.



Robert Taylor just knocks 'em dead.



And William Powell's presence alone makes a fade-out situation that provides laughter in the theatre and on the way back home.

The youngest art well-comes the cleverness of "The Youngest Profession."

—Lea, The Youngest Lion



HOT from Hollywood



MEMORIES of a great lady's visit to Hollywood: To Mickey Rooney, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek said, "Oh, I know you, how are you doing now—all right?" To George Raft: "I'm delighted to meet you." To Adolphe Menjou: "I've seen you many times before the war—but not so often since." She asked Joan Bennett about her children and Marlene Dietrich about her daughter. She told Fred Astaire that a member of her family had tried to re-create some of his famous dance steps, but had proven a failure. She complimented Claudette Colbert on her performance on a China Relief broadcast. China's "Missimo" greeted hundreds of members of the film colony in the Gold Room of the Ambassador. She displayed a wonderful memory for faces and facts, greeted them all with a strong handclasp and a bright smile. It was a day Hollywood will long remember.

THE following telegram was received by our Editor on April 21:
IT'S A GIRL 6 POUNDS 11
OUNCES SUSIE FINE LOVE—
LADDIE

This means the Alan Ladds are the proud parents of a baby girl. Alan is in the Army now, and Mrs. Ladd is the former screen star, Sue Carol. Alana is the cute name they've given the baby.

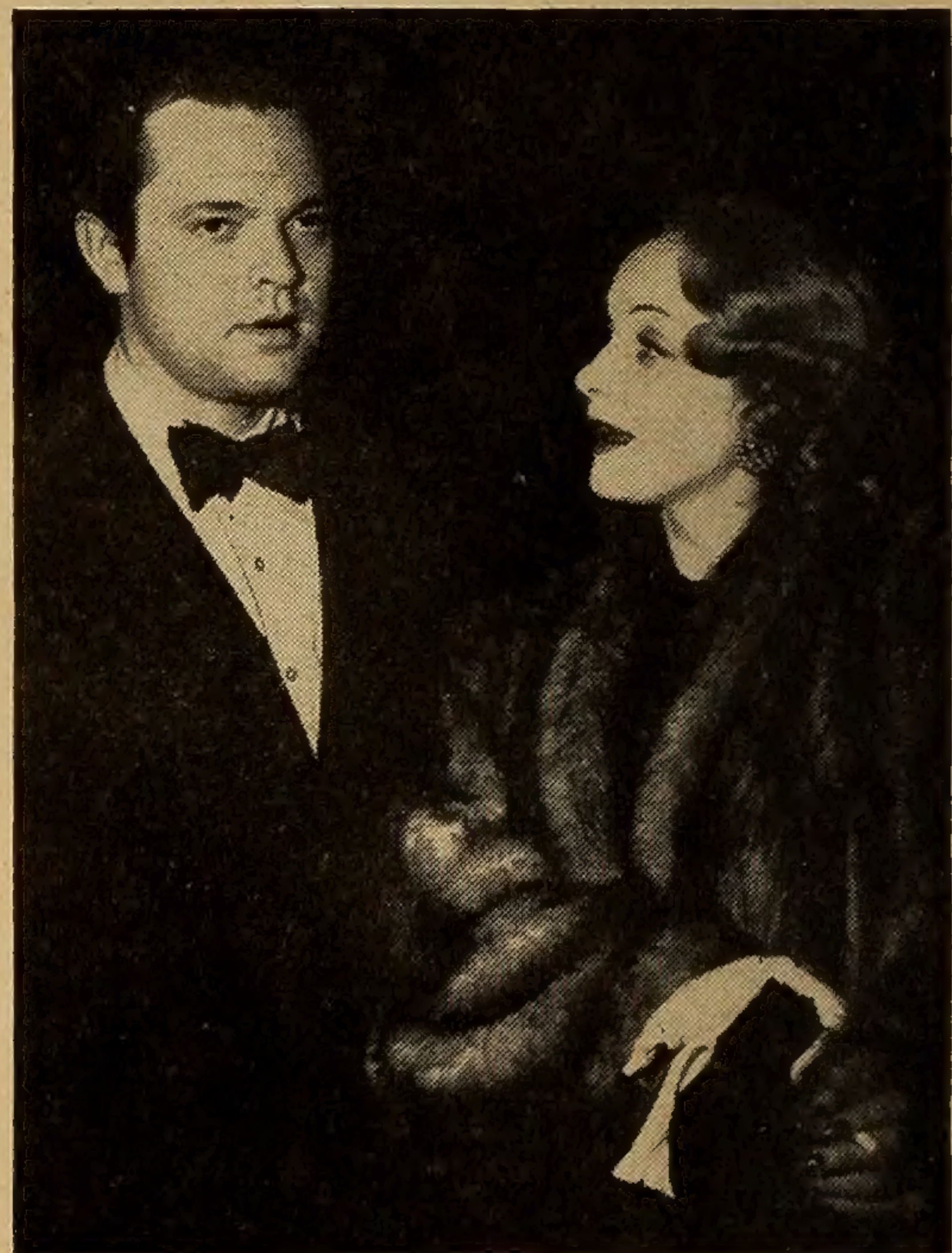
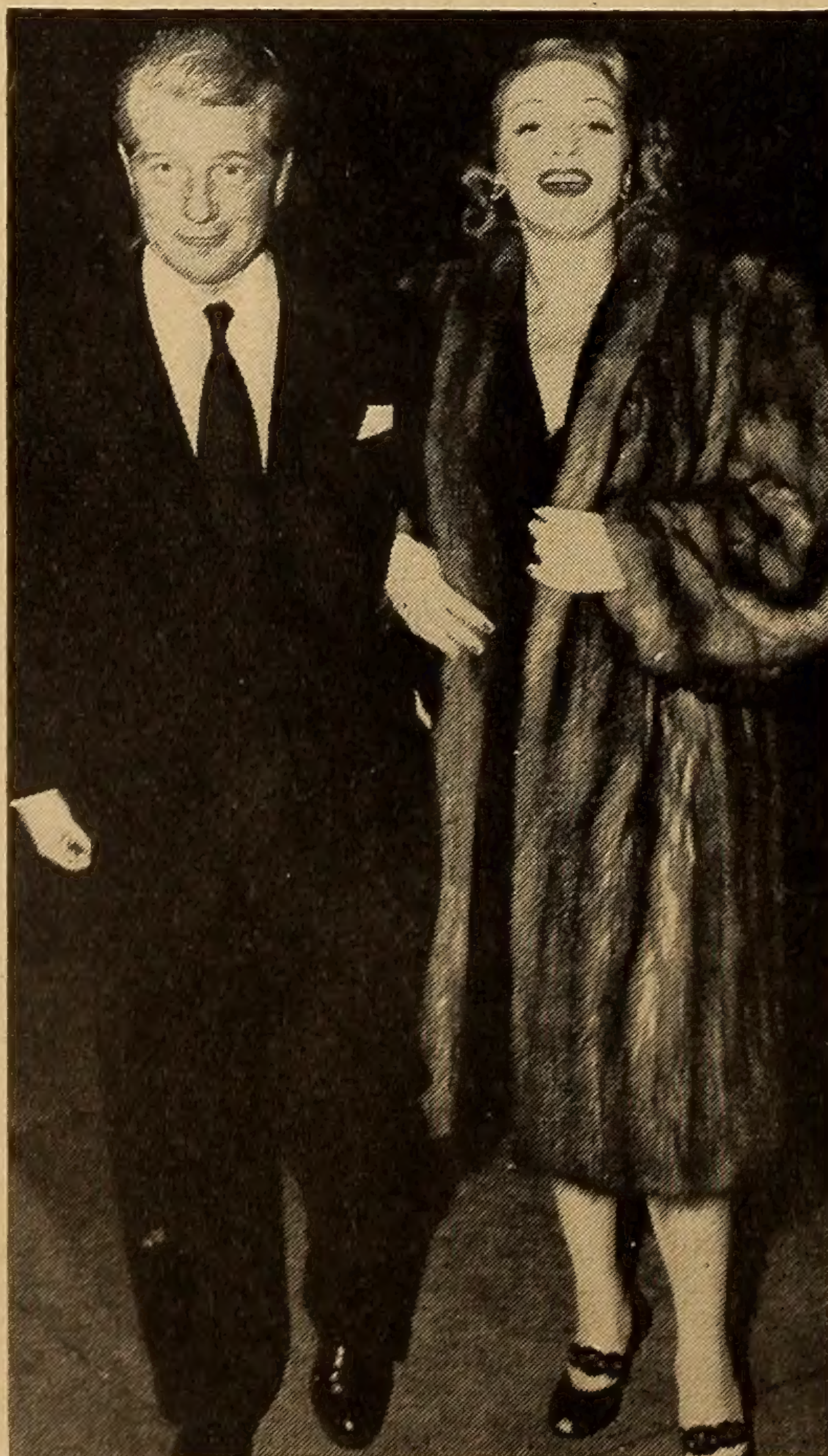
EVIDENTLY someone forgot that Sonja Henie was due back on the lot. They gave her dressing room to Joan Fontaine. When Sonja arrived she naturally wanted her own room back. What's more she got it, though Joan wasn't too happy about giving it up. Speaking of Joan, the rumors still persist that she and Brian Aherne are no longer at the lovey-dovey stage. They say Brian wants a wife in the home, not a career girl who has many outside interests.

HOLLYWOOD is getting such a kick out of Irving Berlin. He is refusing all social engagements because he won't be a civilian again until the war is over. Actually, Irving is a civilian. But he reports daily to "This Is The Army" and works all day on the production. He even salutes the officers. Irving's time, talent, and complete salary are all donated to the success of this tremendous propaganda film.

The Great Gildersleeve's wife "breaks up" his romantic interlude with Veronica Lake.

IN REAL life Veronica Lake is no bigger than a minute. One night she walked into a tea room with a couple of girl friends. Ronnie was wearing flat heels, bobby sox, a pinafore and hair in braids. Absolutely on the level, the tea room hostess put a thick pillow on the chair and all but lifted la Lake up on it. Ronnie played it straight and thanked the lady with a curtsy.

WHEN Dorothy McGuire of "Claudia" fame arrived in Hollywood, they asked her to pose in a bathing suit. "Do men really enjoy looking at pictures of legs?" Dorothy asked seriously. "Even if they're on a piano," cracked the cameraman.



How this Dietrich gal does get around! Above, with Orson Welles. At left, with her devoted escort, Jean Gabin.

MEN are scarce these days in Hollywood. But Betty Hutton met a new boy friend, who seemed pretty snappy. The next morning, following her first date with him, Betty met Bing Crosby on the lot. Bing wanted to know how the evening went. "Terrific," cracked Betty. "That guy spent money like water—one drop at a time!"

DON'T be a bit surprised if Shirley Temple returns to the screen in "Junior Miss." She's perfect for the teen-age heroine and everyone is plugging for her. Of course some glamor girl in her middle thirties may fight to get the rôle. It's happened before in Hollywood. In that case, they can change the name of the picture to "Junior Mess."

IT STILL must be love. Victor Mature sent Rita Hayworth a picture of himself wearing a long beard. She's framed it and put it in her bedroom!

(Please turn to page 10)

BUY BONDS TODAY!
TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW

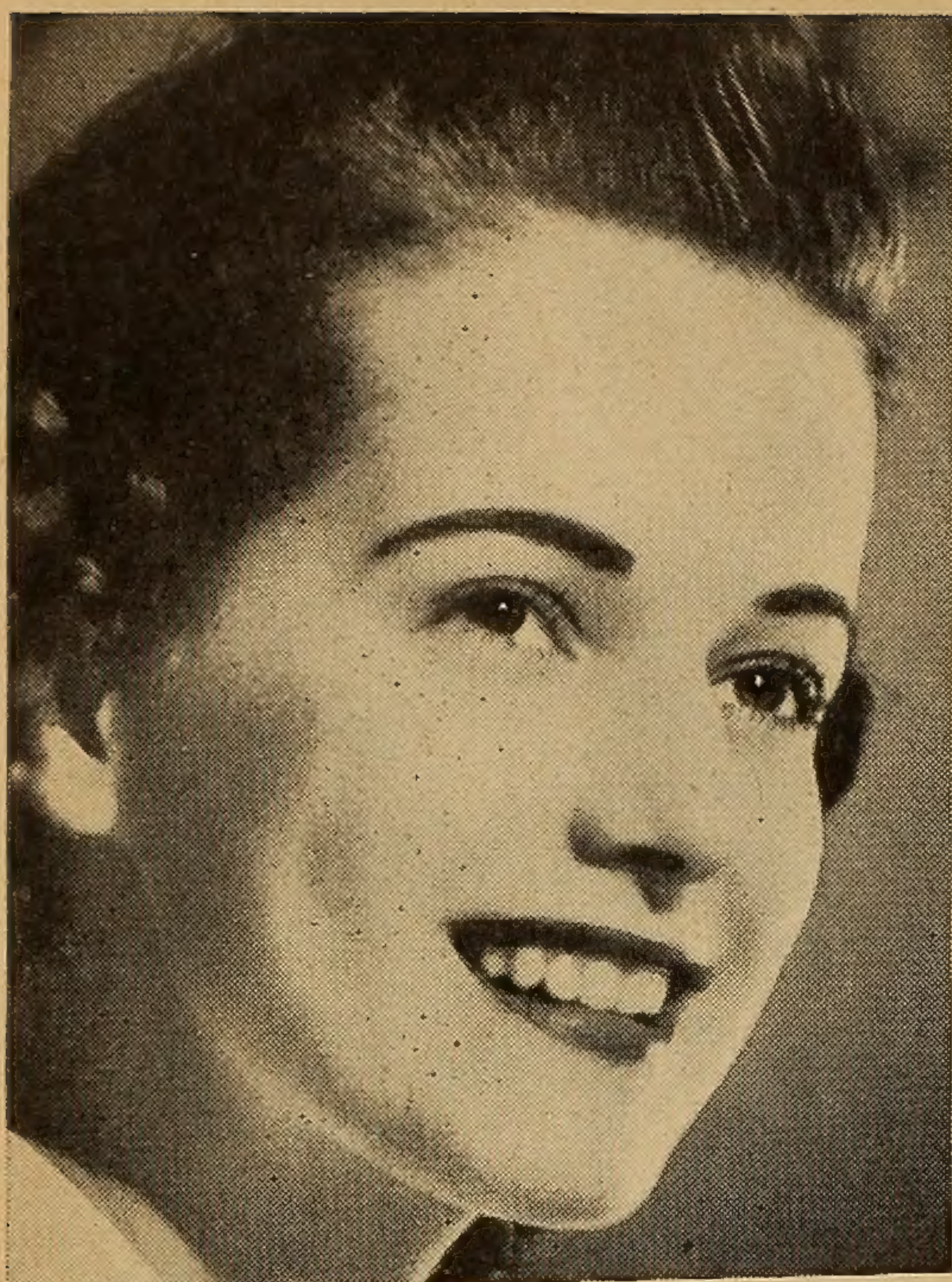
sure way
to look lovely
for a man on leave...
Jantzen's new slimming,
trimming, smoothing Velva-lure
swim suits knitted to hold
their lines, purposely
pretty in heavenly
colors because he
wants to see you
that way.

AVALON
with ric-rac braid 6.50

MONTEGO
pique edges 8.95

Jantzen
AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON...VANCOUVER, CANADA



NEW LIGHT ON A VITAL PROBLEM

every woman
should understand

Improved, new
feminine hygiene way gives
**CONTINUOUS ACTION
FOR HOURS!**

● For the sake of your happiness and health you owe it to yourself to learn the *up-to-date facts* . . . the truth about modern feminine hygiene!

You may think you do know—but many women who think that, still make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

● Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists . . .

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7710A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Zonitors
~ SO CONVENIENT



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY

Delight Evans

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Warners



A powerfully stirring screen story about the ravaging of a Norwegian fishing village by the Nazis, showing underground activities of its people and how they work against the invaders. Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn do their best work in the starring rôles—Flynn, as leader of the underground movement; Ann, as the girl he loves and who helps in the fight for freedom. Helmut Dantine does a good job of making you loathe the Nazi officer he portrays. Lewis Milestone deserves a big hand for his direction of this rousing war drama, especially the film's many tense moments. Walter Huston, Nancy Coleman, Judith Anderson are in it.

THIS LAND IS MINE—RKO-Radio



Don't miss this gripping war drama about the Nazi occupation of another European town. It is also the story of the regeneration of a timid soul, and Charles Laughton will long be remembered in the rôle of the cowardly schoolteacher who awakens to his responsibility to his country, when he is wrongly accused of being a Nazi informer by the girl he secretly loves. Courtroom scenes in which he pleads his case, denounces the Nazis, and from which he emerges a hero who is not afraid to die, are splendidly done. Maureen O'Hara, fine as the girl. Walter Slezak, good.

TONIGHT WE RAID CALAIS—20th Century-Fox



This war film relates the experiences of a British Commando (John Sutton), who lands in a French village to spot a Nazi munitions plant so he can guide RAF flyers when they come to bomb it. He enlists the aid of villagers to set the fields afire to light the way for the bombers. *Odette* (Annabella), a French girl, refuses to help and turns informer, but when rewarded by the sight of her parents being killed by the Nazis, joins the saboteurs. Not an exciting film and it doesn't rate with the best movies about underground movements, but it has some suspense and acting is good.

SPITFIRE—Goldwyn-RKO



This British-made picture is not an action film even though it is about the Spitfire fighter plane—the plane that helped save England during the 1940 Battle of Britain. It's really the story of R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed the feared Spitfire, and reveals what inspired him to build it and shows how he worked day and night at cost of his health, and later his life, to realize his dream. Leslie Howard, who directed it, plays *Mitchell* and David Niven is seen as *Crisp*, his test pilot and friend—fine, convincing performances. Interestingly told. You won't mind its lack of action.

WHITE SAVAGE—Universal



This film fantasy of adventure and love on a South Sea island again teams Maria Montez, Jon Hall and Sabu. If you saw the trio in "Arabian Nights," you know what to expect. Maria is seen as *Princess Tahia*, a temptress in form-revealing costumes and sarongs—a beautiful sight in technicolor; Jon, as a fisherman; Sabu, as the boy, *Orano*, who is always "fixing" things for Jon. The tale about villain Thomas Gomez's attempts to gain possession of a jeweled pool, is unbelievable, but it has enough fun, romance and an exciting earthquake to make you forget story's weaknesses.



CRASH DIVE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power's farewell film for the duration will leave his fans happy. It's a personal triumph for the screen's most romantic young actor, and a spirited, exciting show. If it paints the war picture in rather bright colors, it will certainly call forth no complaints from the Power following, accustomed to their hero's hairbreadth escapes and sure to be disappointed if he ever failed in his super-human assignments. As the dashing young naval officer who is ordered from his beloved "P-T" boat to submarine duty, where of course he covers himself anew with glory, Tyrone performs with grace and gallantry. Anne Baxter is the delectable heroine. Dana Andrews also scores.



SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT—Columbia

A gay, tuneful musical film in which an untalented ex-chorine (Cobina Wright, Jr.) backs a show with her alimony money so she can star in it. Press agent Don Ameche discovers a pretty composer (Janet Blair) who sings as well as writes music and, when the show flops at its tryout, William Gaxton, as producer, has his star falsely arrested so he can open with Miss Blair as the star. Cobina withdraws her support and show closes, but Ameche and Jack Oakie put on a vaudeville hit revue in which they present Janet in songs and dances; a dog act called "The Bricklayers"; ballet and rhumba dance numbers; and Hazel Scott at the piano, all of which add up to good entertainment. Janet is fine; Don at his best.



DESERT VICTORY—20th Century-Fox

Most stirring factual film of World War II thus far, this actual record of the routing of Rommel's Afrika Korps by the British Eighth Army has hundreds of heroes—the men who manned the guns, the tanks, the planes which helped General Bernard Montgomery to victory. The General himself is one of the most striking figures ever caught by a movie camera, his every appearance the signal for applause. "Desert Victory" is the thrilling story of the 1300-mile advance from El Alamein to Tripoli, made in the Western Desert by the Eighth Army's Film and Photographic Unit under combat conditions, and dramatically assembled by Colonel David MacDonald.

10,000 TIMES
STRANGER—
10,000 TIMES
STRONGER—
Than Fiction!

THE STORY OF
ONE AMERICAN'S
JOURNEY INTO
THE TRUTH!

THE THRILLING STORY OF
FORMER U. S. AMBASSADOR

JOSEPH E. DAVIES

MISSION TO MOSCOW

PRESENTED BY

WARNER BROS.



starring

WALTER HUSTON • ANN HARDING
George Tobias • Oscar Homolka • Gene Lockhart
Helmut Dantine • Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by Howard Koch • From the Book by Joseph E. Davies • Music by Max Steiner

SCREENLAND

It's a
BIG PICTURE

A RIOT OF RHYTHM A FIESTA OF FUN

★ with your favorite Radio Stars! ★

You see them — and hear them — in a joyous musical romance! Just set your dial to J-O-Y and get set for the time of your life!



SWING YOUR PARTNER

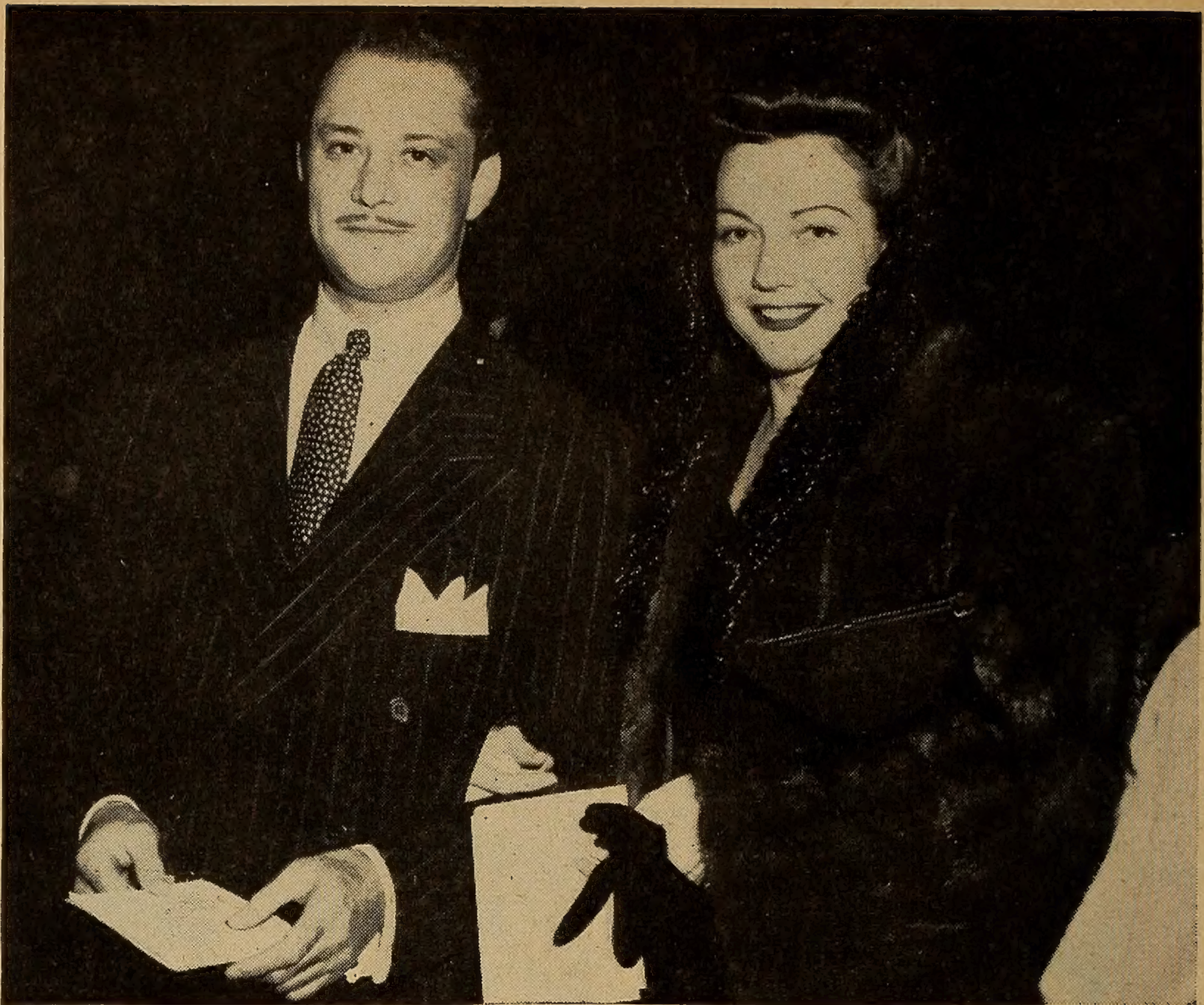
SONGS!

"Swing Your Partner"
"Cheese Cake"
"Shug Shug Yodel"
"WaterLou"
"Everybody Kiss Your Partner"
and many more

Featuring
Radio's Popular Entertainers
LULUBELLE & SCOTTY
VERA VAGUE
DALE EVANS
RANSOM SHERMAN
HARRY "PAPPY" CHESHIRE
RICHARD LANE
GEORGE "SHUG" FISHER
and
THE TENNESSEE RAMBLERS
with
ROGER CLARK
ESTHER DALE
JUDY CLARK

BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Blossoming into one of Hollywood's real beauties and best actresses, Lynn Bari goes out with her beau, test pilot Sid Luft.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

ONE of the loneliest women in Hollywood is Dolores Hope, wife of our own Bob. She figured out that she and Bob hadn't spent more than two weeks' time together in the last year. Bob is always away entertaining soldiers at camps, or appearing on some benefit program. Dolores doesn't mind too much, because it's helping the war effort. Recently she took to raising chickens. When Bob learned about it, he cracked: "Dolores misses those eggs I lay, so she's gone into business for herself!"

WITH only six pictures to her credit, Nancy Coleman has been upped to stardom. When they broke the news to her, they also told her about a wonderful new part she was going to play. Nancy was all enthusiasm until she was informed she'd have to let her nails grow extra long. "That's out," she said firmly. Her producers looked their surprise and demanded to know why. "Have you ever tried to pull on a girdle with long finger nails?" Nancy answered. P. S. She got her way.



Deanna Durbin dances with a soldier at the Hollywood Canteen. Below, funny-man Billy Gilbert, out for an evening at Ciro's with Mrs. Gilbert, the Mischa Avers, Fay MacKenzie and Harry Ruskin.



Here's all you
ever wanted of
a Picture!

.. when reckless, care-
free Cary meets lovely
Laraine...and they both
try to fight off love!
It's the lift you've been
looking for!

"Your kind and mine don't mix
... and I'm not going
to let you try!"

CARY GRANT

in the story he chose himself

**Mr.
Lucky**

with

LARAINÉ DAY

CHARLES BICKFORD • GLADYS COOPER
ALAN CARNEY • HENRY STEPHENSON

Produced by DAVID HEMPSTEAD • Directed by H. C. POTTER

Screen Play by Milton Holmes and Adrian Scott



SCREENLAND



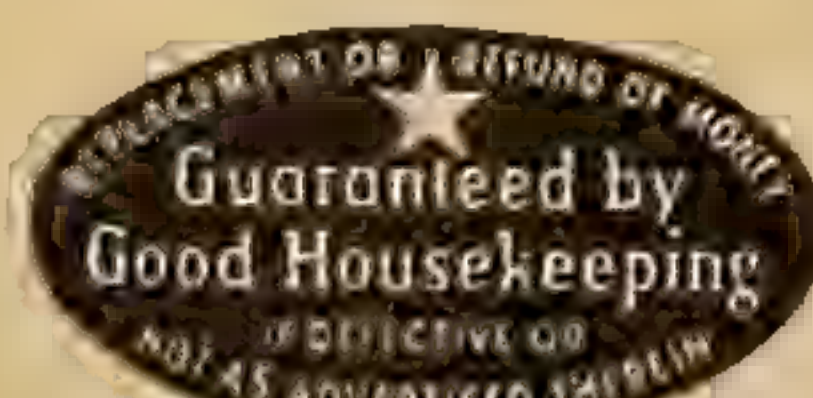
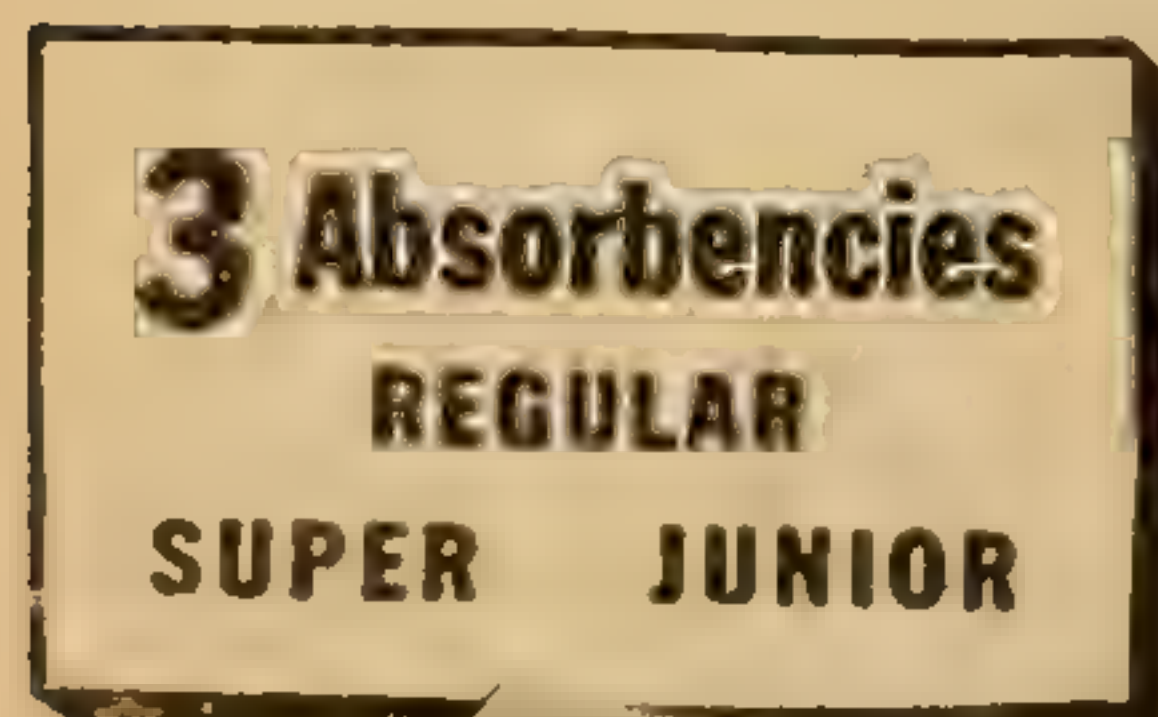
(Tampax cannot chafe!)

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

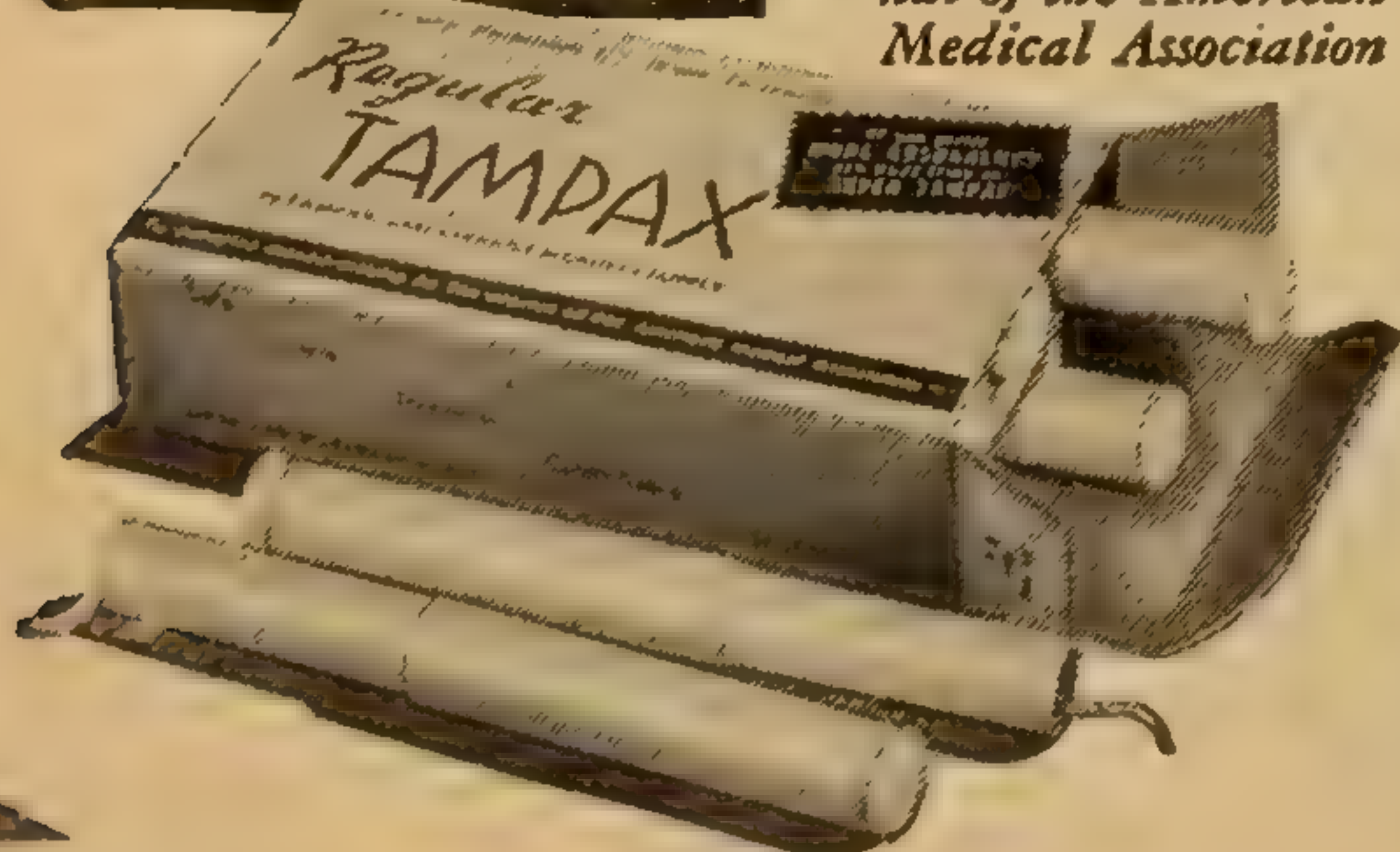
Work or play, summer is a trying season from the standpoint of monthly sanitary protection . . . And Tampax helps a lot at such times because it is *worn internally* and cannot produce chafing, wrinkling or bulging. No pins, belts or pads—*no odor* can form! Tampax is easy to carry, quick to change.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

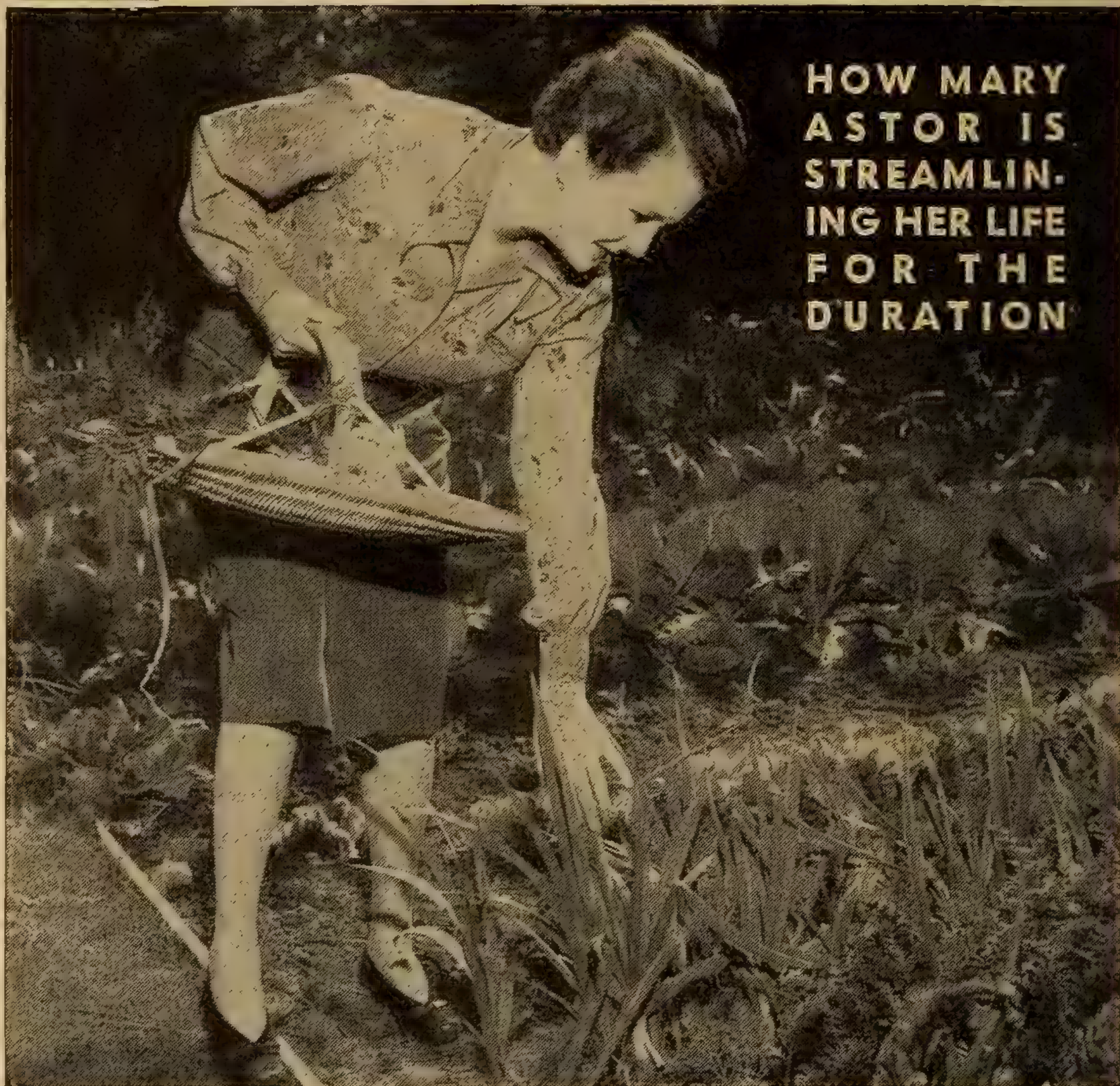
Sold in three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) providing a *variety of absorbencies*—at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package gives you a real bargain and lasts 4 months, average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



STREAMLINED LIVING



HOW MARY
ASTOR IS
STREAMLIN-
ING HER LIFE
FOR THE
DURATION

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES TODAY!

By Betty Boone

MARY ASTOR lives in the picturesque *Riviera* section of Santa Monica, a "sleeper jump" from Hollywood studios. Her house is a gracious red brick Colonial mansion with green shutters, tall white pillars, trim iron balcony above the white front door which is approached by red-bricked terraces. The rooms are large and well designed; most of them, according to Colonial tradition, have manteled fireplaces, and all the windows are huge.

In normal times, such a place would require a corps of domestic servants. Today, with such a corps unobtainable, the only way Mary can hope to keep her home running is to streamline it.

Slim and handsome in well-cut slacks of beige and brown, with cream colored tailored shirt, red hair in the Astor swirled bob, she explained her theory to me: "War changes everything, and we're smart if we change with it, instead of trying to hang on to yesterday and make ourselves miserable because we can't," she remarked.

"I've stripped my house to fundamentals, eliminating all unnecessary articles that



The war has radically changed Hollywood's design for living. Mary Astor, above, is just one of many movie stars who have Victory Gardens and really work in them.

mean extra work. For example, I've put away all my window curtains for the duration. Venetian blinds and plain straight drapes remain. Fussy white curtains, lace or net panels mean either laundry or cleaning; laundries have urged us to send them only limited bundles, and maids have a full schedule of duties without adding to it.

"Scatter rugs that must be kept clean and in place don't belong in a streamlined house, either, so these are also packed away. Ornaments that used to require dusting or polishing, including those cases and shelves filled with collections of miniature figures, tiny animals and various souvenirs or special treasures, have all been retired. I will not tolerate a messy place, and the way to avoid it seems to me to be certain that only essential things remain. It takes much less time to keep an uncluttered house neat and shining."

Only a few large pictures are hung in the rooms downstairs, and only a few ornaments decorate the mantels. In the living room, a green circular rug covers most of the floor space, couches are burgundy tapestry with plain blue pillows, chairs are patterned in beige and green, and the coffee table is a large solid round of dark mahogany, a wood repeated in the piano. The few side tables hold lamps or flowers.

"All music sheets are kept in the cabinet when not in use," Mary pointed out, "and the same rule applies to the records for the radio-phonograph in the den."

As it is summertime, all fireplaces are neatly screened, and such drapes as are hung between the rooms in wintertime, when drafts may be expected, have all been taken down.

The dining room has been streamlined to the extent of eliminating china cabinets with their interesting plate and cup collections. Mary's beautiful silver pieces no longer adorn the buffet, but are stored inside, each in its chamois-lined sack. Unnecessary polishing and dusting are thus avoided.

"We no longer use elaborate tablecloths, fine linen napkins, plate doilies or embroidered panels. That laundry problem again! Instead we use table mats that can be wiped off and paper napkins for most meals. Did you know you can get these mats monogrammed and made up in all colors? Paper napkins also come monogrammed, if you like the idea.

"We, like most Californians, have a good choice of garden flowers. When I'm not working, I usually pick and arrange bou-

(Please turn to page 89)



Mary Astor swings out of her streamlined home on her way to the studio.

DOROTHY LAMOUR speaking:

Starring in "DIXIE," a Paramount Technicolor Production.



"Hollywood
knows a
girl should
sparkle..."



"Hence our
accent on
dazzling
teeth!"



"I depend
on CALOX
for my
daily care."



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want the utmost sparkle and brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency—even for problem teeth. And Calox is a miracle of delicacy.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.



Her Romance Began with Glamorous Hair

YES, it was Joan's lovely hair that Bob first noticed. I remember the day he confided to me—"I must meet her—that girl with the glorious hair! Have you ever seen such sparkling hair? It seems so alive, so soft, so" He stopped confused and I chuckled, for—



IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO that Joan's hair was as dull and drab as a blue Monday. Then Mary, the girl at the beauty shop, recommended Colorinse for adding richer color and brighter highlights to the hair—for making it silkier, softer and so much easier to manage. Well—



IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. Today Joan's hair is as lovely as any girl could hope for. And a happy bride says "thanks" to Nestle Colorinse. Joan also uses Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing. Why don't you try it, too?

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

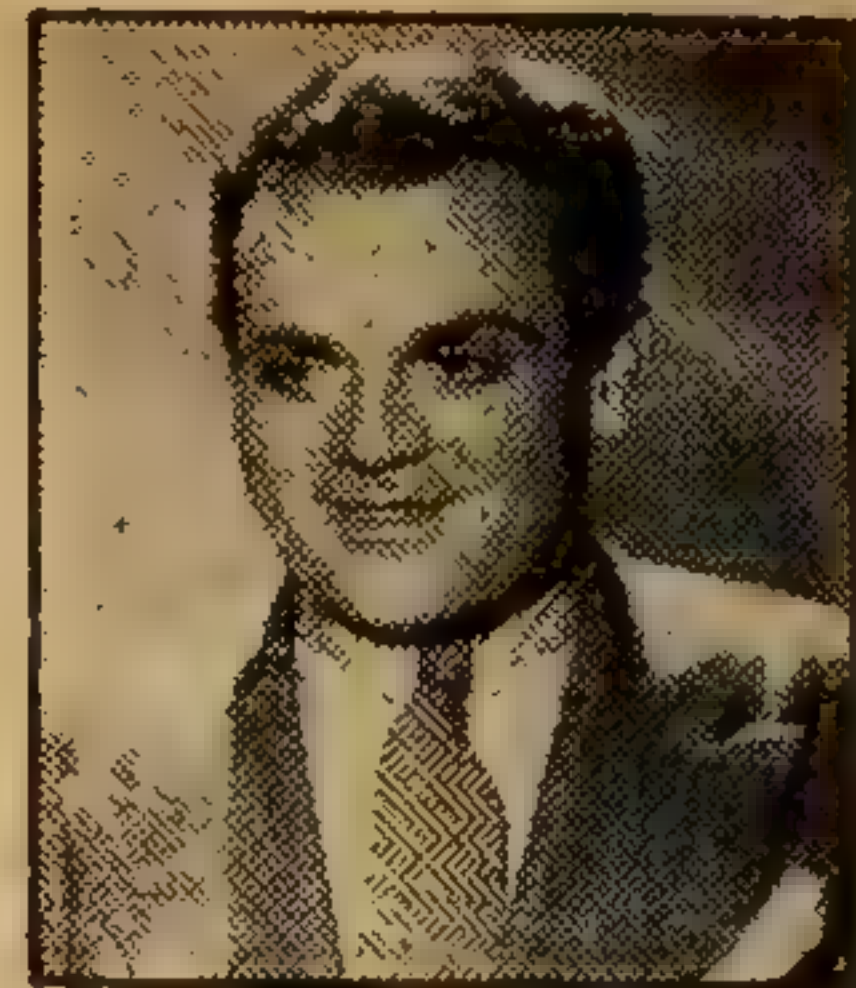
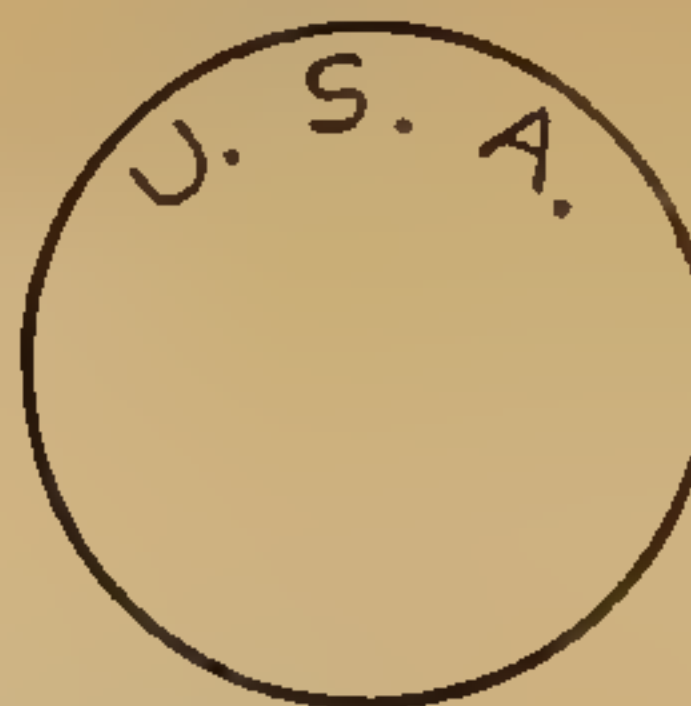
Nestle COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores
and beauty counters



Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

For a long time now, I have stoically held my tongue as to what I think about the movies and their stars. Now, I'd like to put forth just a few of the many things that I as an ardent movie-goer and fan feel would benefit the motion picture business:

Remove Veronica Lake and Gene Tierney from the celluloid, for keeps! Their respective figures delight, but their invariable dead-pans bore.

Recognize and utilize the versatility and unmistakable talent of Marsha Hunt, Richard Whorf, and Geraldine Fitzgerald, for starring rôles in "A" pictures.

Please, please stop publicizing the glamor boys and gals as "loving their own dear little ranch in Cold Gulch and shunning the dens of night life," and then inconsistently showing them always cutting capers at the various bistros. Honest, we fans don't mind if they go out and have fun!

Ration the big name bands for those tremendous musicals, so as to feature only one or two at a time, instead of the dozen or so usually jammed into one picture.

This is on the side—won't someone please send me Frank Sinatra by return air mail?

Of course, I have very little hope of these things ever coming to pass—I'm too much of a seasoned fan to presume that a mere fan could dictate to this headstrong but marvelous Hollywood!

BETTY ALDRICH, Austin, Texas

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

This movie righteousness is getting me down, and I mean *down*. Why, it's getting so we can actually take Grandma to any picture at all now and the old dear thinks she has strayed into Sunday School or at the worst a political rally. Where are the guys who used to talk out of the sides of their mouths? Where are the gold-digging hussies? Gone, gone with the breeze. Everybody's wearing a uniform and a semi-angelic look. I tell you, I can't stand much more! I just wasn't brought up to it. I can take a little holiness or leave it alone but give me back a taste of the bad old days when wickedness and lush extravagance brought a little zip into our drab days. After all, some of us are more than twelve years old. Come on, Hollywood, get back your reputation and give us some **POSITIVELY NOT FOR CHILDREN** fare. It's good medicine for morale.

DORIS L. DAVIES, Vancouver, Can.

Get Into the Fight!

In more ways than one this is a fightin' department! You fans battle out your preferences and prejudices, for and against certain films and stars; and in addition, when your letters are published, you may win a War Savings Stamp prize to help fill up that stamp book and so help to win the Big Fight, the one for Victory. Say what you please about movies and players and start a fresh scrap! The more controversial your letters, the better we like 'em! Prizes: First, \$10.00; second, \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

Here's a toast to a new face. A face which is probably one of the homeliest mugs in Hollywood. A face which is attached to an ideal "Dead End Kid's" hero.

In other words, here's a toast to William Bendix, of the broken nose and huge heart. In my opinion, he was the whole show in "Wake Island" and I adored him as the dumb detective in "Who Done It?" I also thought he was a swell barkeeper in "Woman of the Year"—so I salute William Bendix, the ugliest guy in Hollywood!

NORMA RAICICH, Somerville, N. J.

If it could be arranged, why not team the following?

1: DEANNA DURBIN—NELSON EDDY. It would be worth the price of admission just to hear them sing together. Besides, they'd make a charming screen couple. She is sufficiently matured now, and Nelson is at that interesting age that attracts girls from sixteen to sixty.

2: MICKEY ROONEY—SHIRLEY

TEMPLE. What if she IS taller! So are most of his screen girls. And who cares anyway, unless Mickey is foolish enough to! He is such a grand actor and has such a delightful personality. I'd rather see him than a dozen tall, dark and handsome.

3: BOB HOPE—PATSY KELLY. (Where is she?) For some real BELLY laughs! We need 'em!

4: GREER GARSON—WARNER BAXTER. Because they are two of my favorite people; it would be a break for him; and they would compliment each other perfectly.

5: Long, lanky GARY COOPER and tiny, pert VERONICA LAKE. They'd be a deliciously cute couple!

6: MAE WEST—WALLACE BEERY. Well, no need to explain why!

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

Being a tired business woman I depend a great deal on the movies for relaxation—and believe me those horror pictures are NOT antidotes for jumpy nerves. Now, I ask you, what good do those horror pictures do anyone? Certainly they are not apropos, with everyone's nerves jittery anyway.

Why not have more pictures that sort of slow down the tempo? Why, heaven's to Betsy, after seeing Rita Hayworth in "Strawberry Blonde" and "My Gal Sal," I was so relaxed and rested I was ready for another day's work. And right now with so much work to be done, those are the kind of movies we need—for they provide relaxation and entertainment.

MRS. CELIA SCHOOLEY, Wichita, Kansas

Here is a list of songs that remind me of movie stars:

Lou Costello: *Mr. Five-by-Five*

John Payne: *Oh, Johnny!*

Hedy Lamarr: *That Old Black Magic*
Betty Grable: *There are Such Things*
Carmen Miranda: *Brazil*
Lana Turner: *Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me?*

Gene Tierney: *Green Eyes*
Betty Hutton: *Murder, He Says*
Alice Faye: *Don't Get Around Much Any More*

Ann Sheridan: *A Touch of Texas*
Jeanette MacDonald: *Skylark*
Every American Boy in Ireland: *Johnny Doughboy*

A. R. ALTOBELLO, Providence, R. I.

You probably receive many letters from girls like myself telling you what they think of their "dream man," but I want you to know I *really* mean what I say. I'd like to see another actor in Hollywood play the part of a criminal, a punch-drunk fighter, a hard-boiled brush pilot from Canada, and a "song and dance man" and do it so magnificently. Yes—I'm talking about James Cagney, who so beautifully portrayed the original "song and dance man," George M. Cohan, in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." I say (and I'm sure I'm not alone) three cheers for Jimmy Cagney.

MARY ANN ZIEMER, Ogden, Utah

HONORABLE MENTION

After seeing the movie "The Hard Way" I cannot help but give praise to Ida Lupino's acting. I had never seen her in any movie before, thinking she was just another actress getting a big buildup. Now I am convinced I have missed some of the best movies, by not seeing the pictures she has acted in.

Ida, I predict, will be one of the greatest actresses of all time. I put her in the same class with Bette Davis when it comes to



Handsome twosome: Gene Tierney and her dinner partner, Gary Cooper. How do you like Gene's Chinese-y hair-do?

dramatic acting. These two girls put their whole hearts in their work and we love it.

I recommend "The Hard Way" to all movie fans. And I nominate Miss Lupino for the 1943 Oscar.

FRED HALFMOON, Tulsa, Okla.

Soon I'll have a wealth of War Bonds! How? Well, the movie-moguls won't like it and it won't make music at the box-office, but I've so wearied of the avalanche of war pictures, that when the film-fare is so laden, I stay home and buy War Stamps, instead!

(Please turn to page 88)

Irresistible

...AS ALWAYS!

We dedicate to the WAVES...

IRRESISTIBLE *Pink Rose* LIPSTICK

Today, it's your duty to look lovely! In the service or on the home front, Irresistible Pink Rose, a luscious, crushed strawberry shade is doing its big bit for beauty! WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting... especially important to today's woman of action. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! ★ A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IS GOOD FOR THE EGO 10¢



DANCE of ROMANCE

First pictures of Fred Astaire and his new partner, Joan Leslie, doing their ballroom number for "The Sky's The Limit"



Fred swings his pretty team-mate, Miss Leslie, in RKO's latest Astaire music-show.

"My Shining Hour" is the new tune written by Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer for this new dance team. It's a dreamy, seductive waltz which you'll be dancing to yourself!



Will eighteen-year-old Joan Leslie turn out to be another Ginger Rogers? Fred says she is a remarkably receptive dancing partner, and from her past performances she seems to show, like Ginger, great dramatic talent as well as a flair for light comedy. In "The Sky's The Limit" Joan has every chance to prove what she can do, for Astaire, as always, shoves his leading lady into the spotlight, even at the expense of his own close-ups. These exclusive photos are by Fred Hendrickson.





DO YOUR BEST... AND

Be At Your Best



ON the production line, or in the home, wherever you serve, today you have an added obligation to "Do your Best . . . Be at your Best."

America needs you strong and well. So don't neglect those daily precautions so important for health and well-being: Dress properly. Eat protective foods. Get plenty of sleep. Watch out for colds. Now, of all times, it's your duty to care for *yourself* . . . for your country!

Yes; America needs you healthy . . . *but she also needs you cheerful, friendly, cooperative.* So put on a smile. Cultivate old friends and make new ones. Look your neatest! Be your

sweetest! Friendly ties will help keep us all *pulling together!*

On the job, and in your relationships with others, *Do your Best . . . Be at your Best.*

Today, more than ever, it is important to have always on hand a safe, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide for prompt use in the thousand minor emergencies that continually arise. As you undoubtedly know, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent in the field of oral hygiene

for more than half a century.

It is hardly necessary to add, that with so many fastidious persons who know the meaning of halitosis (bad breath), Listerine Antiseptic is the delightful precaution against offending this way when the condition is not systemic. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, so often a cause of the trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for Oral Hygiene*

SCREENLAND



A Pin-Up Girl

HERE seems to be quite a bit of confusion over what a Pin-Up Girl really is. My family and friends, even my studio, seem to be somewhat vague on the subject. Coming home from work earlier than usual the other afternoon I heard my aunt discussing it over the phone with several of the neighbors. "Betty has just been elected the favorite Pin-Up Girl of the soldiers,"

said with evident pride—my family, I may say, is all for Grable—"No, I don't know what 'Pin-Up Girl' means exactly. I think it has something to do with underpinnings. In the studios, underpinnings are what they call legs, you know."

A few days after that I was having an ice cream soda, without ice cream, at the lunch counter on the 20th Century-Fox lot when I overheard two females at a table back of me tearing me apart without too much hush. "I don't think they're so hot, do you?" one of them whispered to the other. "I mean her legs, of course, silly. She's just been voted the favorite Pin-Up Girl of the soldiers. Huh, anybody can be a Pin-Up Girl who has her picture taken in bathing suits all the time." I was just about to swing around on the counter stool to let her have it, when I remembered that my mother brought me up better.

A Pin-Up Girl, in case you *don't* know, is a girl whose picture is cut out of magazines and pinned up by the fellows in service. Sometimes they pin up the picture in their barracks, sometimes in their mess hall, sometimes in the galley of their boat, (Please turn to page 67)



For forthcoming 20th Century-Fox film, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," is more alluring than ever, as she warbles in the bath-tub, of these pages, and teases Robert Young, in photo at right.



SONGBIRD WITH SEX APPEAL!

**Closeup of that
canary with curves,
Miss Janet Blair**

By Liza

THE trouble with songbirds, in general, is that they are either centenarian or Wagnerian. Or as homely as sin. Though personally I never thought sin too unattractive. Not as unattractive as a lot of warblers. But once in every lifetime there comes along a canary who is young and pretty, whose face looks freshly scrubbed, whose notes are as well-rounded as her curves, and her curves plenty pleasing. Janet Blair of Altoona, Pa., is the one in your lifetime. Lucky you.

Every time Janet plans something big and important in her life, those curves, which we'll now call sex appeal while the Hays office is out to lunch, get in her way. Every time she starts to make her life one of superb classical (*Continued on page 70*)

Janet, in New York for a benefit show, surrounded by Boyer and the Ritz Bros. Lower left, she sings to accompaniment of Private Louis Busch, her best beau; audience, Ameche, Oakie, studio workers.



Danet Dain



“FORGET where you are! Pretend you are singing to me—that I’m the only one listening. And remember, no matter what happens I’m right here at your elbow, backing you up every bit of the way.”

(So Kay Kyser reassured the beautiful Georgia Carroll, twenty-three-year-old model whose face and figure have graced more than one hundred magazine covers all over the world. The tall languorous Southern beauty who came to Hollywood merely to decorate the screen—yet here she was stepping into the spotlight vacated by Ginny Simms!)

Georgia began to sing in that soft, low, rather husky voice. The words *Embraceable You* came easily. She was singing to Kay. The band was completely in accord. The broadcast was originating from a Navy Base at San

Pedro Harbor, California. Kay followed Georgia’s every word. Was she making the grade? Was she another Ginny Simms? She was half-way through the song. When suddenly . . . !

“I almost had apoplexy,” Kay said. “Georgia suddenly stopped *imagining*. She suddenly realized she was singing on 147 stations and being short-waved all over the world with millions listening. She became aware of that endless sea of faces tuned in—looking, listening. She became panicky. She began to sway as though she would topple over in a faint. I stood there behind her, ready to catch her any minute. I was thinking fast—how would I ad-lib?”

“I was simply scared to death,” Georgia told me. “Everything started going black. Suddenly I felt Kay’s

By May Mann

KAY KYSER'S NEW GIRL





Kyser coaches Carroll! Kyser with Georgia Carroll, successor to Ginny Simms (Ginny at right in scene from film she and Kay made together.)

hand reaching for mine. I felt the pressure of his firm grip. I still couldn't hear the band, but I kept singing—to Kay."

And it was over. Georgia Carroll was a hit!

Hollywood trade papers reported the new girl Kay Kyser had signed to star with his band—in his movies, on the radio, and at Army camps. "Georgia Carroll will be given the same buildup that made Ginny Simms," itemed the reporters. "Gorgeous costuming, lessons in singing, diction, dramatics for the Carroll beauty, under the supervision of the Old Maestro."

Another *Svengali* and *Trilby* combination, of maestro and star—endless grooming, training, minute details, fabulous clothes, glamor pub- (Please turn to page 75)

Announcing—the new beauty in Kay Kyser's band and heart: Georgia Carroll



By
Liza



LAMOUR *Takes the Veil*

CONTRARY to all rumors Dorothy Lamour—known both as the Sarong Girl and Uncle Sam's Favorite Niece—did *not* meet Captain William Ross Howard III on a bond tour. This rumor, we suspect, was started by Mr. Morgenthau as sort of bait to encourage other glamor girls to go out on the road and sell bonds. (As a bond saleswoman Dottie rang up millions for her country.) If it's bait he is, we may say that Captain Howard is the best-looking bait that has been seen in these parts ever. No wonder the glamorous ones took one good look at Dottie's new mate and immediately phoned the Treasury Department regarding tours of their own.

As a matter of fact, Dorothy did not meet her future husband on any of her bond tours. Seven months ago, however, when she had returned from a tour she felt tired and bedraggled, and decided to rest up at Arrowhead Springs, about three hours' drive from Hollywood, before



she started her next picture. There she was taking sunbaths, drinking water, and getting eight hours' sleep, when she received a phone call from the commanding officer of an Army Base in nearby San Bernardino, asking her if she would come down to the base one evening and entertain the boys. Dorothy said okay, she is not one to turn down a request from the Army, Navy or Marines, and the commanding officer said, "Fine, I'll assign a member of my staff to bring you here." (Please turn to page 78)



Paramount's Sarong Girl and Uncle Sam's Favorite Niece has found real-life happiness at last! Opposite page photos show Dottie with her handsome new husband, Captain William Ross Howard III.

**The
romantic story
behind Dottie Lamour's marriage**

By
**Rachele
Randall**



WHY ABBOTT QUIT PICTURES

SURE it's hard to quit," Bud Abbott admitted. "But Lou would do as much for me. We started together. We'll finish together."

Three weeks before, Lou Costello, the short, stocky, lovable partner of the nation's No. 1 box office champs, had been suddenly stricken with a strange malady.

"Think I've got a charley-horse in my left leg," he said one night as he dressed to go to the Hollywood Stadium fights.

The next morning, the other leg stiffened. The doctor was summoned. "Lou Costello is a victim of infantile paralysis," the radio said. The unconfirmed announcement gave birth to terrifying rumors. That Lou would never walk again. That the team was split up. That Abbott would carry on alone.

Lou's mother, in New York, greatly alarmed at the reports, long-distanced Bud whom she loves as a son. She asked for the truth.

"Lou will be all right," Bud told her over the wire. "It is not paralysis—but rheumatic fever. In its present form, traveling about the body, it will not settle. The doctors have successfully checked

it from reaching the heart. It is now a matter of complete rest, time, and treatment. Lou will be around again in a few months. We'll soon be working together just like we always have."

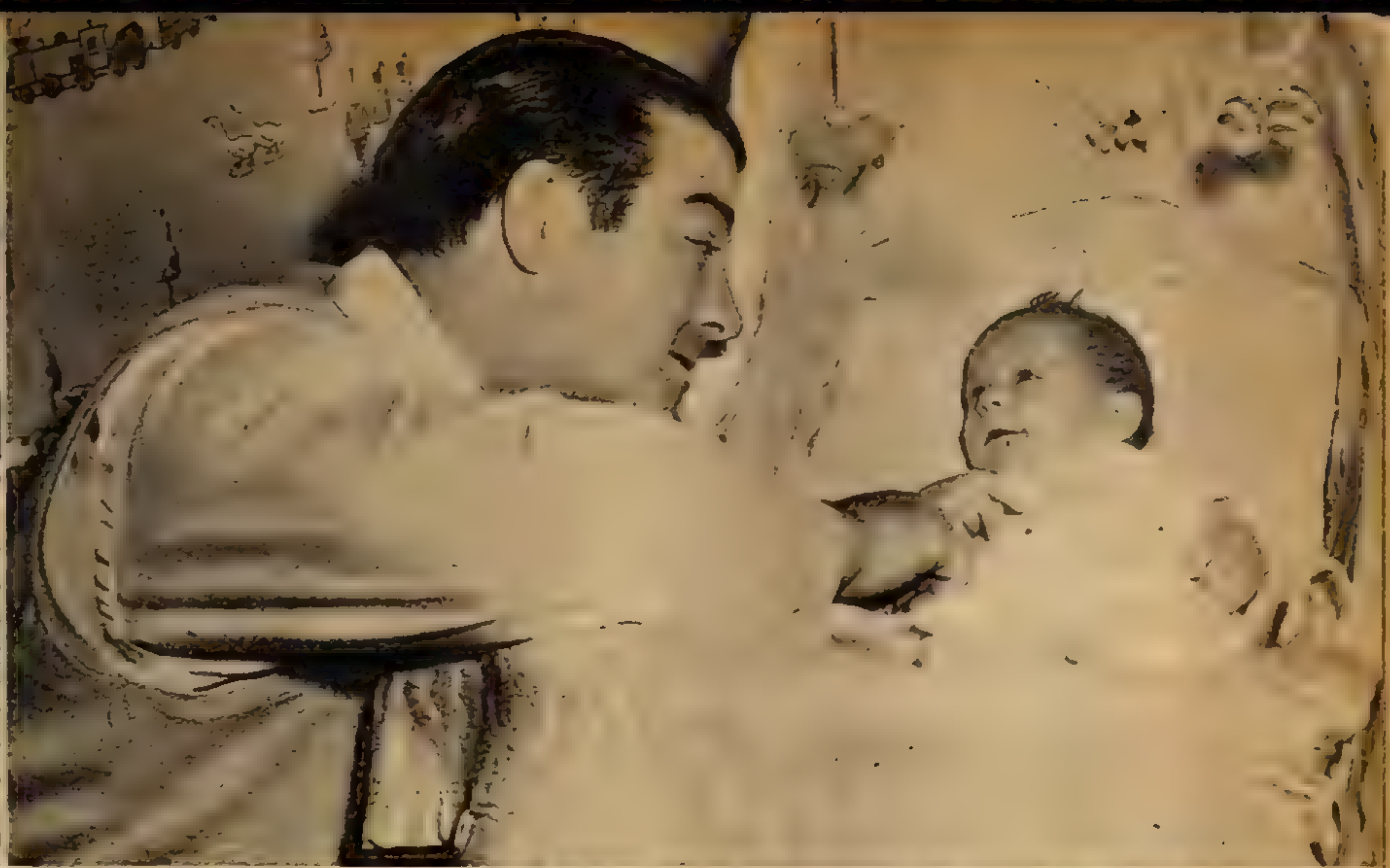
On that first Thursday night, Lou listened in to the Abbott and Costello broadcast. As Bud signed off the air, instead of his usual "Good night, folks," he said, "Good night, Lou." The radio audience heard his voice choke on the last word.

Bud carried on alone for one week. At the American Legion Post, where he and Lou had been scheduled to entertain, Bud said simply and sincerely, "We will never separate. Nothing can ever break up our act."

To his radio sponsors and to the studios, who had lined up top comedians to work with him, Bud declined. "We made the grade together. Now we're laying off together."

Bud's loyalty and devotion to Lou, personally, is understandable. But professionally it is rare if not unparalleled in Hollywood. Rivalry and jealousy are human and not uncommon in comic





Photos on this page show Abbott and Costello with Lou's family; Bud with Mrs. Abbott; Lou with Lou, Jr.; the team, right, honored by Lt. Col. Jesse J. France at Fort MacArthur, Calif., as "unexcelled morale-builders"; and, right below, Lou with his pretty wife.

FOR COSTELLO

teams. Several such teams have reached stardom, only to split up. Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel separated at the zenith of their career. But they discovered professionally that one couldn't get along without the other. Clark and McCullough, a standard comic act on Broadway, split because one complained that the other hogged all the credit. The other ate his heart out—which led to ultimate suicide of their act.

Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Dorothy Lamour, the Great Gildersleeve, Bert Lahr were among the top names mentioned to continue with Bud for the run of the Abbott and Costello contract which has seven years to go. Bud persuaded Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to shelve their new picture "for a while until Lou can make it."

Bud spends as much time with Lou as the doctor and nurse permit. It is Bud's encouragement, his deep and abiding faith in Lou's recovery that has bolstered Lou's morale. That is giving him the strength to make what is hoped will be a rapid recovery.

"Lou, I don't think or feel right, going on alone, unless you feel it best for all concerned," Bud told Lou at the beginning.

Two weeks later he said, "As partners we've come a long way together. We'll go out the same way. I've told them I'm laying off as long as you are, Lou. But you've got to back me up. The studio (*Please turn to page 82*)



"Nothing can ever break up the act of Abbott and Costello," says Bud Abbott. "We made the grade together, now we're laying off together until Lou is well!"



Jean Arthur

ABOUT five years ago, the Tom Lewises (Loretta Young and her husband) invited me to attend one of the Little Club parties given by the ultra-swank Mayfair group. It was an affair for the Hollywood elite, the social register as it were. I was looking around the place when I happened to see a famous actress standing in a corner talking to some people.

"Isn't that Jean Arthur?" I asked Tom. He nodded. "But I thought she didn't come to these Hollywood parties. I was sure I'd never see her here."

"This is one of her rare appearances," Tom replied. "Want to meet her?"

She's the most criticized star in all Hollywood! Yet a man who knows her well comes to her defense so convincingly that there may be a decided change of opinion about Jean Arthur. Read what John Wayne says and then see what YOU think

In scene, right, from new picture, "A Lady Takes A Chance," John Wayne disposes of Don Costello as Jean Arthur registers that frightened-heroine expression. The film is produced by Frank Ross, Jean's husband, and released by RKO Radio.



I can't say that I was *anxious* to meet her. I'd heard so many Hollywood tales about her aloofness, her reserve, her coldness. And since I like people who don't go mysterious on me, I didn't think Jean Arthur and I would have much in common.

The next thing I knew, I heard Tom saying, "Miss Arthur, may I present John Wayne?"

She smiled pleasantly, said, "How do you do," and I mumbled something or other.

We talked a little and then I left. I remember two very definite impressions of her: (1) she was one of the most natural, unaffected persons I'd ever met; (2) even though she was a little shy, she had a definite sense of humor. It was the kind of humor that made you think she could laugh easily at herself.

I met her again a short time later, and this time we had quite a conversation. I was a little bowled over by that talk of ours. Not once did she go in for the small chit-chat. She was up on everything and could talk on any subject intelligently. Before long, I was dragging far behind trying to keep up with her.

That second meeting made me realize why part of Hollywood is so anti-Arthur: She is just too normal. The natives here aren't hep to anyone who is *consistently* normal.

Whenever I have seen Jean out socially, I have never heard her talk about pictures to the exclusion of everything else. "I" is scarce in her conversation. To gossip is not part of her nature. She's the kind of person who goes quietly about her business to such an (*Please turn to page 84*)



[As told to Jack Holland]

AS I KNOW HER

By

John Wayne



Wayne is a straightforward, hard-hitting fellow, and he pulls no punches in this exclusive article, the best impression of the aloof Miss Arthur we've ever read. Top right, a more placid scene from their new movie.



wallop anyone who said a word against Jean Arthur!



On The Set Of "This Is The Army"

Lt. Ronald Reagan and Corp. Craig Stevens
between scenes of Irving Berlin's big show,
"This Is The Army," which is being pro-
duced for the screen by Warner Bros.

While serving her country as a morale-builder, Carole Landis found romance in London, became the bride of handsome Captain Thomas C. Wallace.

CAROLE LANDIS' *War Diary*

(Note: In some instances, exact dates and localities cannot be given for obvious military reasons. Otherwise, this diary is completely authentic. C. L.)

Oct. 17: I'm thrilled beyond words! Today, at two o'clock, I got word that I would be able to make the trip to England to entertain our boys. Ever since September, 1941, I had been wanting to go overseas. The desire was an obsession with me. I don't know what it was that made me feel that I had to go. I only knew I *had* to make the trip.

It looked for a while as though I wouldn't be through with my last picture in time to go. Everything went wrong. I had practically given up all hope, and I was heartsick. Only mother kept on insisting that I'd make it. She had

As told to
Kirk
Darrell

Carole, her new husband, Capt. Wallace, and maid of honor Mitzi Mayfair immediately after ceremony in London, January 5, 1943.





Kay Francis and Carole Landis give their autographs at unnamed American Army base in England.



Martha Raye, Miss Landis, Miss Francis doing their stuff for the soldiers.



Intimate report of Carole Landis' thrilling experiences entertaining our soldiers at American Army bases in England and Africa!



The girls in Africa, with the boys in the chow line. Carole's next film for 20th Century-Fox is "Winter Time," with Sonja Henie.



Carole, Kay, and Martha Raye along some road in Africa. Mitzi Mayfair took this picture. Note the road sign and native with fez.

even packed my bags. And now there's no more uncertainty. I'm going!

Only had four hours to do my shopping as the plane was to leave at six for New York. Dashed over to Saks in Beverly Hills to get some woolen underwear and a trench coat. When I walked into the store, I was told that they had received a shipment of woolies only an hour before—and it was the first time in their history they had ever carried them. After weighing and repacking my baggage so it wouldn't exceed the allotted fifty pounds, I made the plane with only a few minutes to spare.

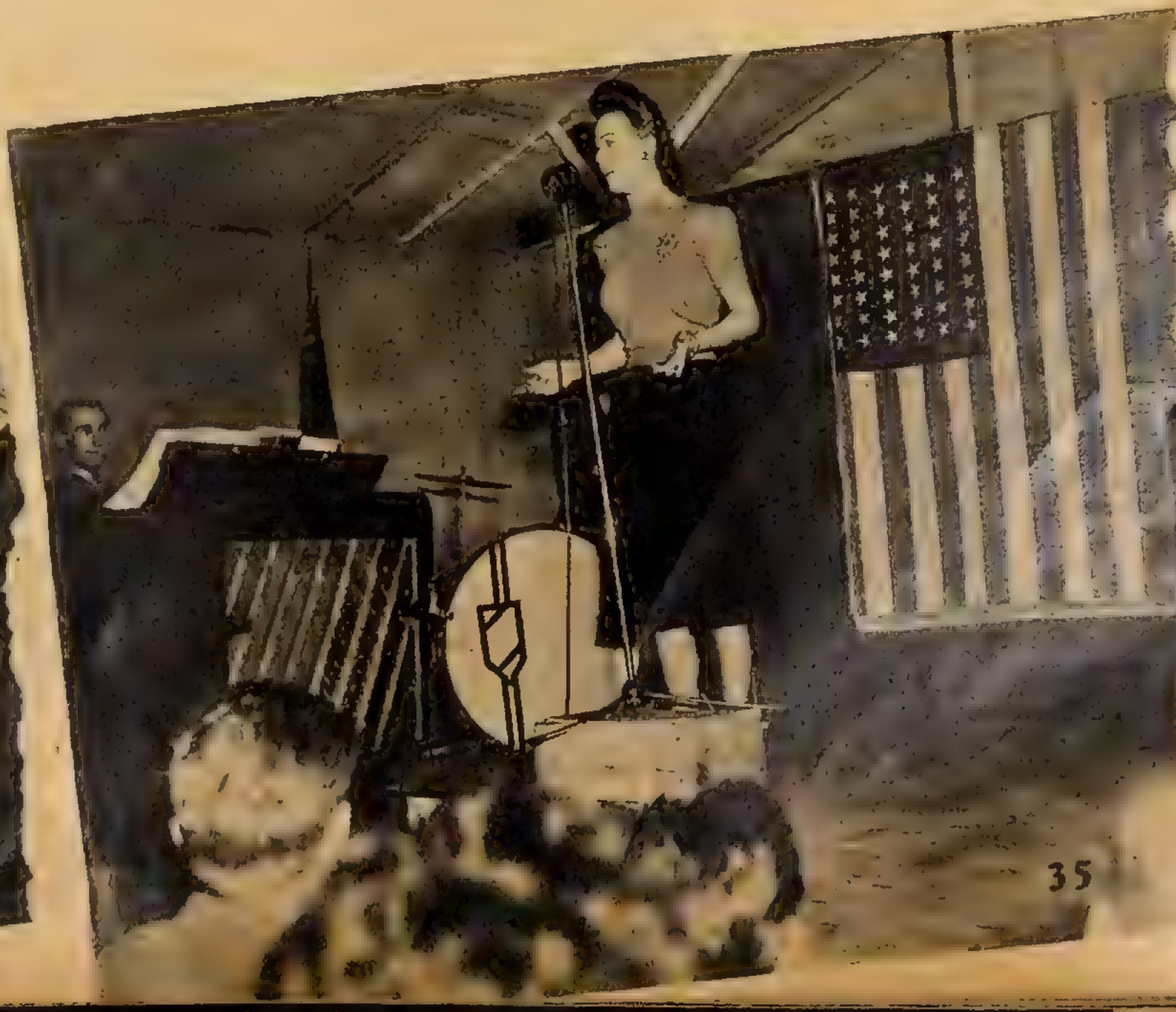
Oct. 19: Met the rest of the troupe—Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair, and Martha Raye, in New York. Our departure has been delayed, so we're beginning to rehearse our show, make transcriptions. Can't tell our friends when we are leaving. It's a military secret. I had told mother before I left that I would send a wire signed, "Your darling daughter." Then she would know I had actually left for abroad.

Oct. (?): We left New York today! Our first stop is Bermuda. We had to fill out the usual forms on the way. Mitzi, Kay, Martha, and I filled out, "Transient." When we landed, though, the officials said we were wrong. We weren't transient. We were to stay in Bermuda, they said. We argued that we were going to England and that it was another troupe on the same plane who were staying. But they insisted. We stayed in Bermuda. We're very upset about this and can't imagine how it all happened.

Next day: Did a show today. (Continued on page 60)



Above, taken in Ireland, where American Army officers entertained the girls with the best meal the Emerald Isle afforded, and Colonel Wm. Rollo gave each a priceless present—18 eggs! Left below, the girls take part in the distribution of mail from home. Below, Carole singing for the boys. You'll be seeing Carole in "Four Jills in a Jeep," 20th Century-Fox's fictional version of her war tour.



ME AND MEN

By

Maria
Montez

As told to Gladys Hall

MEN: They are divine creatures. At their worst, they are so nice, aren't they? And women in love with men—they, too, are divine. I believe love makes a woman beautiful. It makes her exciting; makes her good, too, and kind. A woman happy in love is the kindest person in the world. A little vague, perhaps, but sweet and kind.

What do I expect of a man? I expect him to be always romantic. I want him always to remember to be romantic and sweet with me. I expect him to be very flattering, and to send flowers. If he can afford them, I like him to give me nice presents. I do not expect anything from a man he cannot give. But always, when a man is in love with you, he wants to *give* to you.

Like Jean Pierre Aumont. He knows how to treat a woman. If he knows you like white flowers, as I like them, he sends you, not like everyone does, a box, a bouquet, but boxes *and* boxes, gardens and gardens of

white flowers until you swoon in them, drown in them. He does fantastic things, fabulous things. He makes a woman feel very desirable, and very beautiful. He knows there is no gift of Cartier to compare with these. Always he is devoted when he goes out with you, and never looks at another woman. The little, flattering things, all of them he does for you. You know it is flattery. It is, at the same time, very nice.

I married when I was very young. My marriage lasted for a year and a half. Then I came over here, to New York. I had decided, one day, it just would not do. It was not his fault. He was a charming, sweet person. It was just that we were unsuited to one another. The little, important, romantic things which mean so much to me, were missing.

I am gay. Not only in my heart, but in my nature. I want to play gay, sparkling parts on the screen because I am like that. It is very difficult for me to be quiet, I am like this, always going. But temperamental? No! If anyone is rude to me, *then* I get temperamental and walk out. But I never lose my temper without reason, or unless I am taxed to the limit. I know this because I try to understand myself, I am very deep in psychology, I study

MAKE-BELIEVE LOVE



In "White Savage" Miss Montez has another smouldering, romantic rôle. At left, a love scene with Jon Hall. Below, Maria with Pierre Aumont, her real-life "heart," at El Morocco on New York vacation.

The exotic Maria reveals, with startling frankness, the state of her mind and heart

a great deal. I read everything from Plato to Swedenborg.

But let me pick up the thread of my thought again. Men, yes. I expect from a man in love with me fidelity and concentration. But not to change his personality; not to NOT notice other women. For when he does rove his eye, then he can compare me. It is like a challenge. I like a challenge. I am always at my wittiest and best when there are beautiful women present, like Ingrid Bergman, Paulette Goddard, Hedy Lamarr.

I do not expect the man I love to spend all his time with me—he must have great enthusiasms and his own interests. But I want reminders that, no matter what he is doing, he does not leave me altogether out of his thoughts. Or perhaps I want him to think that I am with him, like a pervasive perfume he cannot quite, and does not want to quite escape. Like Jean Pierre.

And he is sweet. He is very charming. He has solicitude. If I forget my vitamin pills, he worries about that. So he sends me a little trinket, (*Please turn to page 86*)



THE REAL THING?





When not fighting Nips, Taylor as Sergeant Bill Dane battles with buddy Lloyd Nolan. They agree on one point: stopping the Jap advance.

IT'S TIME TO GET

You can never call Bob Taylor a "Glamor Boy" again! Last movie rôle for duration shows him as a tough sergeant in "Bataan's Last Stand," holding his own in a hard-bitten all-male cast. Recently commissioned a lieutenant, j.g., USNR, Taylor hopes to be made a Ferry Command pilot. Good luck to a fine actor and a real man!

Up and at 'em! M-G-M's wartime epic, "Bataan's Last Stand," pictures a doomed Yank patrol in the Philippines. Actors in scene at right include George Murphy, Lee Bowman, Thomas Mitchell, Taylor, and Lloyd Nolan.



NO MORE
OF THIS!



Tough!



Joane Leslie

Appearing in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," for Warner Bros.

Tracy *without* Hepburn



BUT WITH IRENE DUNNE!

Since the success of "Woman of the Year" and "Keeper of the Flame," the team of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn has become a Hollywood institution. How are you fans going to like to Hep's successor in Mr. Tracy's movie life, the serene and soignée Miss Irene Dunne? You'll find out when you see them co-starring in "A Guy Named Joe," for M-G-M. He plays a dare-devil pilot; she plays the Ferry Command pilot in love with him.

JOHN SUTTON'S
Romantic
TECHNIQUE



When his wife saw one of John's love scenes she said, "Don't tell me you didn't like that!" and he replied, "Of course I did, I enjoyed every minute of it." P. S. They're still married

By Maude Cheatham

AS JOHN SUTTON came toward me, I could feel the stir this handsome Englishman was creating. All eyes followed him through the crowded studio Cafe de Paris. Apparently unaware of the interest he was exciting, he slipped quietly into a chair at the table where I was waiting.

"I was afraid you wouldn't speak to me," he said, flashing a contagious grin as he fingered the sprouting side burns that decorated his face. "For 'Jane Eyre,' you know," he explained. Then added, "The screen occasionally demands its pound of flesh. *Side burns*, my word! That's a heavy pound."

John is easy to talk to and by the time we had ordered luncheon, we were fully launched into the subject of love—on and off the screen.

"Love scenes," he was saying, "are just part of our movie job—but a very nice part. They seem to require more retakes than any other because they are important in the upbuilding of the drama and the director himself must feel the impact of emotions being projected by his players. He keeps at it until he gets this high-tension emotional response, even if it takes all day. But don't get me wrong—I like retakes! Why shouldn't I? Consider the charming girls I've made love to, cinematically—Betty Grable, Annabella, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney, Lynn Bari, Nancy Kelly, Maureen O'Hara, Nan Gray—a list of adorables that would please any man.

"Love scenes are usually the crux of the drama and offer wonderful opportunities for an actor, and the warmth of these scenes depends on the type and setting of the story, and also on the temperament of the two involved in the romance. Personally, I believe that deep emotions are restrained, and a scene of terrific power can be built up by repression, the suggestion of fire and flame—held in check. This is more effective than the obvious and exaggerated emotional expressions.

"My technique?" John repeated the question. "Who knows the right technique for romance? I don't even stop to analyze when I'm making love. Usually, we have worked up to this scene and we are already swept by the breath of illusion until it now seems reality. Having absorbed the mood of the drama, I endow the heroine with the love-qualities demanded for this particular situation. Then, I plunge in.

"You see," he added mockingly, "I'm not really an actor. An actor is one who simulates emotions. He carefully charts each feeling, then acts it out—per rule. I can't do that. I must believe what I'm doing, actually *feel* the emotions I am portraying.

"Romance is intriguing material for the author and a well-written love scene can cast a spell of enchantment over the players. Always, too, the approach to a romantic scene is important, for it sets the tempo for all that follows, be it the thrill of gunpowder or a lyrical burning of incense. An actor's emotions must be pliant, ready to flow into any mold required for the scene.

"To create the illusion of love," John was warming to the subject, "one must stimulate that feeling through the imagination. So I'd say the best way to play a love scene convincingly is to imagine yourself in love with the girl in the drama, to experience, for the time being, all the exquisite joy and torture that real love brings. Love and passion must be projected (Continued on Page 87)

Latest Sutton rôle:
Annabella's lover in
"Tonight We Raid
Calais," at right.



Lynn Bari, left, is a
luscious armful. No
wonder John likes
to work with her.



John tells of making
love to Hayworth,
Tierney, O'Hara and
"Dynamite" Grable.



"MUSIC,"



Jose Iturbi at the piano.



Playing Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, 14.



Iturbi in action! A rare candid photo

Rôle played by Kathryn Grayson, shown below singing with Iturbi and his orchestra, is that of a young singer who gives up her concert career to follow her father, an Army Colonel.



Treat for music lovers! Jose Iturbi, eminent conductor-pianist, makes screen debut in "As Thousands Cheer," with Kathryn Grayson. The rôle he plays is that of himself, conducting a symphony orchestra in several selections and playing a solo



MAESTRO, PLEASE!"



The left hand carries melody.



Eyes ahead, Iturbi proves photogenic.



The melody lingers on! Now, applause.



Iturbi in Technicolor! The famed musician makes his movie bow in blaze of glory, and his concert and radio followers will find M-G-M's motion picture, "As Thousands Cheer," an interesting departure for this colorful personality.

JANE



EYRE COMES BACK!

Here she is again, that hard-luck heroine of the great Bronte melodrama, your old friend *Jane*, in the person of Joan Fontaine. With Orson Welles as *Rochester* and little Margaret O'Brien as *Adele*, David Selznick has fashioned a super-duper screen thriller

Photos by
20th Century-Fox



In what may be his last picture for the duration of the war, Orson Welles has a juicy rôle which he plays with his customary gusto. Miss Fontaine is the ideal selection for gentle, tormented *Jane*—and the baby tear-jerker, Margaret, will delight you in her first costume character.

HELP! HOLLYWOOD'S GOING TO THE DOGS



Ann Sothern starts something! In her rôle of "Swing Shift Maisie" she has to learn to be an animal trainer, assisted by James Craig. Meet Maisie's educated mutts!



It's a dog's life, if you ask "Butch," one of Ann Soth-ern's trained ca-nines in her new picture. "Butch" gets his "4-F" classification be-cause of his very short legs



Short legs don't stop "Butch" from starring in his specialty of rope-jumping, as Ann and James Craig act as stooges. The tiny pup, one of Hollywood's most popular—and highly paid—performers, is not for sale, though Miss Soth-ern wanted to buy him from his owner and take him home for a pet.

"Spider," champ hoop-jumping dog, is put through his paces by the human screen stars of M-G-M's "Swing Shift Maisie."



That Crawford Character

Handsome hardy perennial of Hollywood stars, judicious Joan is envy of younger actresses who lack her stamina and stick-to-itiveness. Her latest coup is prize rôle in "Above Suspicion," with Fred MacMurray. Her private life, happy as Phil Terry's wife



Other stars yearned for rôle won by Joan in best-seller, "Above Suspicion." Above, with MacMurray. Right, with husband Phil, measuring a Red Cross sweater for size and, below, showing him new toy for tiny daughter Christina. Phil is bearded for his "Bataan" rôle. Top right, Crawford the craftsman repairing make-up. Part requires her to outwit Nazis in "old lady" disguise.



Fashions

FOR FUN
AND
SUN



Movie beauties soak up the California sunshine and show off their gayest play clothes at the same time



Facing page, lovely Linda Darnell poses in an exotic print. Dolores Moran looks saucy in her ruffled hat and dirndl. On this page, Esther Williams, far right, models her favorite swim suit, Dottie Lamour wears practical but pretty shorts and bright plaid shirt—and see her play shoes; while Anne Gwynne, top above, prefers white midriff play suit, and newcomer Shirley Patterson, above, selects a multi-colored, brief skirt and “bra” top.



RIGHT FACE FOR YOUR SUMMER

With lots of cream and careful use of a lipstick, your face can keep soft charm all summer. So explains Lucille Ball.

By Josephine Felts

KEEPING your skin lovely in summer is very much a matter of how you begin. Don't let the sun get ahead of you for it is hard to catch up! It is usually much easier to take your troubles now than later.

Pretty Anne Gwynne, whom you see below getting ready for her daily sun bath, has some definite ideas on the subject of that right look for summer. She says:

Don't tan too fast. It is better to be careful than to tan in haste and repent at leisure. Get out of the sun before things have gone too far!

Protect your hair in the sun.

Don't neglect your figure—get a little exercise every day to be lithe and limber so that summer sports won't end in stiff muscles.

Don't copy someone else's make-up coloring. Be yourself.

Don't wear too dark a powder. The best ones now have a rosy rather than a tan undertone.

We like her philosophy very much. It all sounds common sense and practical. We like too the way she looks from taking her own advice. Don't you?

If and when the time comes for you to take that refreshing vacation out in the sun (we probably won't

You'll be seeing Anne Gwynne soon in the new motion picture, "We've Never Been Licked." Here Anne demonstrates for you her secret of getting a lovely tan for a pleasant summer.



but we like to think about it!) take your sunburn precautions ahead of time. Every moment counts more these days whether for work or pleasure, so refuse to let anything as painful as sunburn spoil your holiday or lessen your efficiency later on the job. The sun is a great restorer and you will come back to work with more vim, for having had that brief refresher course out of doors, if you have protected your skin to begin with.

The first time you go out in your bathing or sun suit, take your sunlight straight for a few moments on an unprotected skin. Just long enough to get that warm, tingling sensation and the least bit of a pink glow. Then spread on your sunburn preventive. Select this preparation with care from the many good ones and then, like Anne, make it your boon companion out of doors. A lovely smooth tan is her reward as it will be yours.

Back in the days—remember?—when you had a long lazy summer before you, you could spend all the time you wanted to, acquiring a tan. This made it easy, for if you tan gradually enough and expose your skin to the sun's rays for a short time each day, nature helps do the trick. Your skin develops its own immunity. But such times are gone for all of us for the duration and we want to get in shape quickly to enjoy the time we have in the sun.

So if you use this "straight sunlight" trick for a few minutes before you put on your cream or oil, you will find that in the end not only will you have a lovelier sun-toned skin, but will have it more quickly. Tiny pigment cells gather in the skin from the sunlight and are a natural protection. This is why, as your tan deepens, you need less and less protection. Under the sunburn preventives, tanning usually continues but it is slowed up because so much of the sun is reflected or absorbed and so doesn't hurt you.

If you are going stockingless, whether from convenience or just because you like it, try getting out in your backyard or up on your roof or wherever you go for sunshine and lie with your legs in the sun a little while each day. Spreading sun tan oil on them will help them tan more quickly. Then when you come to put on your stocking lotion you will have a good brown start, and the lotion will give your legs even more of that sculptured, well groomed look.

Many of you write to ask me how to change your make-up for summer and for times like these. First of all, good taste today calls for conservative make-up. To look garish or exotic while everyone is so busy is as out of place as to wear an evening dress in an airplane factory.

Save time in applying all your good grooming aids. Learn and use all the short cuts so as not to be bothered repairing your face every so often. There are good foundations which, applied according to directions, will last the greater part of a day. If you are skilful, a good make-up should take you only a few minutes to apply.

For instance, put your lipstick on perfectly dry lips in the morning. Use it fairly heavily in a carefully well marked curve as Lucille Ball shows you on page 54. If you have a lipstick brush and can put your lip rouge on with it at home, so much the better for a long-lasting job. Let the color "set" while you are doing your hair or your nails. Then when you powder, dust your lips with powder lightly. This sets the color still further, making it last longer. Then, after you have finished your other good grooming chores, blot off the excess lipstick with tissue and add just a touch of fresh color on top. You will find that the color thus put on will last an amazingly long time.

Of course to say that you should make-up at any time to look anything but yourself is nonsense, but the right summer
(Please turn to page 81)

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Here are new Beauty Tricks, especially designed, easy for you to use yourself in your own home



"Evening in Paris," that glamorous Face Powder which helps so many girls to flawless make-up, has added charm, fragrance of "Evening in Paris" perfume.

LADY, you are being serenaded! Bourjois presents a "Serenade to You," Evening in Paris Perfume, with Evening in Paris Face Powder. The powder has all the fine qualities of a good face powder—it is fine textured and clinging, it gives the illusion of transparency to your skin. Then, it matches the perfume not only in name but in fragrance as well. Yes—this face powder has the delightful fragrance of the perfume you love so much, the light gay essence of a spring evening in the city that once was the center of the world's gaiety. In the powder you have your choice of six shades, to suit both fair and sun-tanned.

DO YOU wash your own hair at home? Then look into this little matter of Halo, that wonderful, soapless shampoo that can simplify your hair problems. For Halo leaves your hair so clean and shining that it is a pleasure to use. Here, you'll say to yourself, is a shampoo that is a real beauty treatment. Halo contains, they tell us, a new type of patented ingredient which brings up oceans of lather on the slightest provocation even in hard water. It is easy, with Halo, to be sure both that your scalp is clean and that your hair is bright.

PERHAPS you have never considered your feet a beauty problem. But you well

know what an unhappy look foot discomfort can put on a face. If your feet are tender and sensitive these warm summer days, massage them in the evening with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. It helps counteract irritation and do away with muscular soreness and that burning sensation most of us walkers-and-workers know only too well.

ONE solution to Summer's most distressing beauty problem is Arrid, the greaseless, stainless cream deodorant that actually stops perspiration from one to three days. We find it keeps underarms as dry as a desert! It saves your dresses too, and these days a dress saved is, like the penny of old, a dress earned. Arrid is easy to apply and this is a great advantage when you try to sell the man in your family (the man who doesn't like any fuss)—on using a deodorant cream both to save his coat and your feelings.

HAND neglect is a fifth column gesture, say the personnel experts. When hands have a bad case of dirt and grease to deal with, here comes Cutex Hand Cream to the rescue. Wash them first, then massage them with this hand cream. See how the grime rolls away! Cutex Hand Cream is a rich whipped-up confection which smooths in well because of its creamy texture.



Halo, the soapless shampoo that does such pleasant wonders for your hair in summer.



For your double life! Wear Cutex On-Duty polish for work, Off-Duty shade for play.

HERE'S

"RATIONING has certainly changed things," says Bob Hope. "I walked into my own pantry the other night and it was positively *uncanny*!"

WITH the news that Bette Davis' contract has less than two years to run, Warner Bros. has announced that Ida Lupino has been signed to a terrific new deal. No longer will Ida share her contract with 20th. Her new Warner arrangement calls for her exclusive services for the next ten years. Options being taken up and, of course, happy working conditions provided. Does this mean that Bette has signified her intention of not re-signing? We know she is very tired and would like to make fewer pictures per year. Evidently, something's in the air.

IMAGINE how Spencer Tracy felt when he learned how Van Johnson met with his terrible automobile accident. Van, who is a terrific Tracy fan, was on his way back to the studio to see a special showing of "Keeper Of The Flame." Van, who was also working with Spence at the time, had seen the picture twice before. When he learned of the head-on collision, Spence raced to the hospital and offered his blood. It may be months before Van is well again. His terrific courage through brain surgery is what saved him.

PRIVATE TYRONE POWER is going to be Lieutenant Power, if he has anything to say about it. He has left for Quantico, Virginia, to attend Officer Candidate School. This means he won't be seeing Annabella on week-end leaves. Like every other wife, she put up a bold front and encouraged Ty to take the step.

FOR years Julie Bishop was just another featured player on the Warner lot. No one was much interested until Errol Flynn gave her a big rush. They met for the first time when both were sent to Mexico to attend the premiere of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Right away the studio, sensing a romance, tested Julie for Errol's next picture. She was so darned good that, instead of leading lady, they made her Errol's co-star in "To The Last Man."

A LITTLE thing like distance didn't prevent John Payne from getting back to Hollywood on his first leave. John drove all the way back from Arizona on his motorcycle! First person he went to see was his ex-wife, Anne Shirley. But imagine John's shock when he rang the bell and Betty Furness opened the door. It seems that Anne was visiting Marsha Hunt and suddenly broke out with the measles. So she couldn't return home and carry the germ to her own baby, or to Betty and her baby, who were Anne's house guests. Kinda sounds like a plot for a Lubitsch picture, doesn't it?

Chief Petty Officer Rudy Vallee arriving at Ciro's with his pretty date, Ann Fredericks. Lucky Dennis Day with two popular Hollywood beauties—Hedy Lamarr and Janet Blair; and Hedy having a bit of fun while Capt. Meredith Wilson conducts Dennis, Victor Moore and William Gaxton at a Command Performance.



HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East

Candid by Jean Duval

THIS actually happened to Janet Gaynor recently. She had been wanting to order several new dresses for sometime. Adrian, her husband, was so busy in his shop he just couldn't make them. Recently they went to New York. In Chicago, Janet did a bit of shopping. In one of the smartest stores there she found Adrian's complete line. So she bought herself a few little numbers!

A PERSONAL plea to Lana Turner; "You and Steve Crane have remarried. You're expecting a baby in July. You say you are very much in love. That you have never been happier. M-G-M has forgiven you and awaits you with open arms. What *more* can you possibly want? Dear Lana, please relax at least until the war is over. Our nerves are on edge enough as it is."

THE reviews on "The Outlaw" didn't make Jane Russell very happy. However, her marriage to Bob Waterfield will more than make up for it. Jane, whose "features" have made her a famous "Pin-Up Girl," has been going with the handsome U.C.L.A. quarterback for over four years. She had a luke-warm romance with John Payne that didn't last. They say that Jane's discoverer, Howard Hughes, who has invested a fortune in Janie's possibilities, wasn't too pleased at the news. But what could he do—nothing! He did just that.

USUALLY calm and collected, Hollywood stars were positively quaking at the pageant held in the Bowl for Madame Chiang Kai-shek. In alphabetical order, they marched in twos down a long ramp that led out to the huge amphi-theater. Judy Garland could hardly make it, she was so nervous. Both admirable and amusing were Lana Turner, Joan Bennett and Rosalind Russell. All three, who are expecting babies, marched out carrying folded fur coats in front of them! It was a great day for the magnificent Missimo, and for Hollywood.

AH, these Hollywood fathers! Franchot Tone bought out Ray Milland's workshop, so he could make all the furniture for the new Tone nursery. Franchot, who has always wanted a son, can hardly wait for the great moment. He's so excited at the possibility, every week he gives his lovely wife some beautiful present. Well, it won't be long now.

NOW that the picture is finished, those closely associated with it admit that Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard didn't exactly adore each other. There were no fireworks. But the girls *didn't* share one soda with two straws. Quite innocently (or was it?) a local columnist wrote about Claudette Goddard. *That* must have pleased the girls!

Lonesome-for-Grable Raft, with Lynn Bari and father-to-be Franchot Tone as they appeared at a recent broadcast. Right, from top: Newlyweds Pat Dane and Tommy Dorsey; Patricia Morison with Wynn Rocamora at Mocambo; Kenny Baker, Judy Garland, Ronald Colman doing a radio show for service men.





Two top crooners—Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby—get together for a rehearsal while awaiting their turn on Command Performance, air show which is shortwaved to our boys overseas.

Carried away by the romantic atmosphere at Dorothy Lamour's wedding reception, Harry Crocker "proposed" to Betty Hutton. No, the Blonde Bombshell didn't accept. It was all in fun.



THE George Murphys are hoping the stork will cooperate with them and send little Dennis Michael a baby sister. If Dennis gets a sister next October, her name will either be Georgette, Georgina, or Georgianna. Big Murph couldn't be more excited.

NO ONE could have been more stunned at the death of Conrad Veidt than the Paul Henreids, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder. They had all been together the night before. "Connie" was in excellent spirits. The next day he died of a heart attack on the golf course. Surprisingly enough, it was Marlene Dietrich who really went to pieces at his funeral. Not many knew about the wonderful Veidt humor. All were aware of his charm. He is a great loss to the industry.

HOLLYWOOD was shocked at the appearance of Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery. He arrived home suffering from the effects of tropical fever. In two years' time Bob had greyed, paled, and lost twenty-two pounds. After thirty days' leave, he once more leaves his wife and family for active duty.

CONNIE MOORE and Johnny Maschio have decided that their marriage is worth trying to save. So they've leased Rosalind Russell's house on Elm Drive in Beverly Hills. Hollywood is hoping that these two nice people stay married, to each other.

ERROL FLYNN is now a free man. Lili Damita received her final decree on the first of April, this year. Thus ends one of the most tempestuous marriages Hollywood has ever known. If you can believe Errol, he's going to remain single until he's old enough to replace Lewis Stone in the *Judge Hardy* parts.

MOTHERS, sisters, and sweethearts all over the United States are very grateful to Martha Raye. She brought back hundreds of letters written by the boys overseas and mailed them all in this country. Not only this, but wherever she could, Martha called up and delivered messages to loved ones in person.

HAPPIEST autograph Joe E. Brown ever gave was the one he painted on a 1000 pound bomb at a New Guinea air field. Joe has been visiting United States bases to entertain the soldiers. On the bomb he wrote, "To Tojo, from Joe."

"Crash Dive" is an exciting movie which offers Tyrone Power his best, most dashing rôle, that of *Lieut. Ward Stewart*, young naval hero. A charming romance with Anne Baxter provides an opportunity for those love scenes without which a Power picture would be a bitter disappointment to millions of American girls.

Tyrone Power, USMCR, we salute you and your farewell film for the duration, "Crash Dive." Your fine adventure movies have filled an entertainment need. Your gallant, vital personality has enriched the screen. You've never let us down as a movie star and a man! May the echoes of our applause follow you in your great new adventures in the service of your country

Handsome, wholesome "Ty" Power as he appears in uniform for his rôle in his final war time film. Now he is really wearing the uniform of the U. S. Marine Corps.

Screenland Honor Page



WHEN COWBOYS MEET!

Carole Landis' War Diary

Continued from page 35

Kay was our very capable mistress of ceremonies, Mitzi danced and beautifully, Martha did her inimitable stuff, and I did some patter and four songs. Kay also did a number called, *Baby, That's A Wolf*. During Mitzi's act, an amusing incident occurred. She and the musicians hadn't had time to rehearse much and her dance consequently didn't go so well. To pick things up, she decided to do a jitterbug number. She asked for a volunteer partner from the soldier audience. At the end of the dance, she put him on her shoulders and carried him off. It was a riot. So good we're keeping it in the show.

Oct. (?): Three more shows today. Had a grand time lunching with the soldiers, talking to them. There are a good many British negro soldiers here, too. They're all a fine bunch of boys. I'm too tired to write any more.

Next day: We did our show today in the rain. In fact, it's rained almost every day here. None of us wore coats either. We just stood and got soaked.

Sometime later: During the past nine days, we have done 20 shows, all running an hour. Left Bermuda today. And we have just learned our stay in Bermuda was all pre-arranged! I've lost my voice and so has Kay. We stopped next at a very lovely place. We had to stay overnight because of unfavorable weather. They had a festival here tonight and Mitzi and I stayed until the wee sma' hours. We sang and danced for them and we even participated in their dances. They were pleased and begged us to return one day.

Later: Arrived in Lisbon. Nothing exciting happened except that we insulted two Germans without being aware of it. We were talking about what we would do if we saw a Hun. We weren't very complimentary. Just then, two men got up and walked out. The waiter at the Aviz

Hotel where we were dining came over and said, "Those were two Nazis." We felt very pleased with ourselves.

Nov. (?): Arrived in England. We got our first sight of a bombed city—and it was unbelievable. Terrible! It was dusk and the ruins looked like skeletons rising out of gray nothingness. This place has taken a terrible beating. It was late at night when we arrived in London. I have never seen anything as black as London in a blackout. I'm not exaggerating when I say it's almost impossible to see a person standing next to you. We got into a car. The man who drove us to the hotel didn't seem worried about the blackout. I have never had a faster ride and, frankly, I was scared stiff. I can't imagine how he knew where he was going.

We arrived at the Savoy Hotel. Had sandwiches, got our instructions from the Army officers, and now—gratefully—I am in bed. I have never been so completely exhausted. Yet I can't sleep. I'm too excited. I keep wondering if there will be a raid tonight. It's strange the way I feel. I don't want anyone to get hurt or anything to be bombed, but I want the experience of being in a raid. Mitzi feels the same way. She rooms with me.

Nov. (?): We had planned on seeing the sights in London today, but when we woke up, there was a terrific fog. I'd heard about London fogs, but this was more than I had ever expected. It was so thick it came into the hotel and even into our rooms. It wasn't clean, either. It was dirty and heavy. When we were told that it was unusual, we smiled to ourselves and thought of the California weather and our natives saying, "Oh, this is unusual weather." But later we discovered in the papers that it was the worst fog in over 200 years. Since it was impossible to travel, we lounged around the hotel.

A couple of Air Corps officers stopped Mitzi and me and asked us if we were "short-snorters." That's a term applied to anyone who has flown over the Atlantic or Pacific. Each "short-snorter" must carry a dollar bill signed by two other "short-snorters." If he's caught without the bill, he has to pay a dollar or treat the other "short-snorters" to drinks. Luckily, we were members and had our bills. We signed the officers'. Their names are Major Jim Wilson and Captain Mack McKay, two swell chaps.

Nov. 12: Jim and Jack took us all around London today. What a thrill! Westminster Abbey, Waterloo Bridge, Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park—and then to the bombed section of the city. Never, never can I forget what I saw. You read about bombed cities, you see newsreels, but until you actually see what has happened for yourself, you simply cannot imagine the reality of the thing. Beautiful St. Paul's Cathedral—probably the most beautiful sight in London—was partly blown up. And then I saw something that will be engraved on my mind for the rest of my life. A large cross inside the bombed part of the Cathedral stood proudly and alone and unharmed. And yet, all around it for blocks and blocks were nothing but leveled buildings, desolation, mute evidences of human tragedy. That cross was like a beacon to heaven. A reminder to us all that Christianity can never die. A symbol of the faith for which we are all fighting. It was indestructible.

The cold was terrific. I began to feel numb and I ached all over. Of course, it was my own fault. I didn't put on my woolies. When I got back to the hotel, I put them on quickly. I felt so silly in them. I had never worn them before in my life, so I was sure that everyone was pointing to me and saying, "There goes a girl wearing woolies." As I left the hotel, there were more children waiting for autographs. Adults never seem to ask for autographs here in England.

Nov. 13: We have made up our minds—the four of us! We *must* go to Africa before we go back home. Ever since our

Pictures you never thought you'd see: those two great rival cowboy stars, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, together! Facing page, Sgt. Autry and Rogers with Tommy Master-son, youngest radio announcer in the nation, at Station KTSA, San Antonio, Texas. Right, Republic Pictures' pride and joy, Roy, doffs his sombrero to Col. U. S. Nairn, Commanding Officer of 6th Training Camp, Col. Charles H. Tips, Post Commandant, Col. H. N. Herrick, in charge of anti-aircraft training, Camp Wallace, Houston, Texas.



boys landed there, we knew we had to make the trip. We have asked about our chances of going to Africa and we have been informed that they are slim indeed. But we're not going to give up trying!

We left London today to do our first show at a U. S. Air Corps base. While we were having a cup of tea to warm us up before show time, Neal Lang, Martha's husband, came in with two American flyers. I only saw one, and understood but one name Captain Thomas Wallace. Something hit me right in the heart. I only looked at him for a minute, but I saw his wonderful dimples, his tremendously expressive eyes, his curly hair. I took a deep breath and said, "Hello." My heart was beating a mile a minute. I reached for my tea cup to steady myself, but my hand only shook. We talked for a bit and he asked me to have a cocktail with him after the show. I quickly accepted. What has he done to me? I'd never felt like this.

We did the show. It was magnificently received. I hadn't the least idea of what I was doing, though. I just thought of Captain Wallace. After the show, some high-ranking officers spirited us away to their headquarters. I was terribly concerned about my appointment with Captain Wallace. I tried to find him. No luck. Went to the Officers' Mess for dinner and then detailed an old friend of mine, Captain Stuart Mills, to find Capt. Wallace. Stuart reported that he had gone into London. I sat down to write a note. Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me say, "Were you looking for Captain Wallace?" I turned around and there he stood! Again, I had that sinking feeling. November 13! What a wonderful day! We talked and talked. And we made a date for tomorrow night.

Saturday, Nov. 14: No shows today. Tommy—yes, I'm calling him Tommy now—called three times today and came into London after six. He took me to dinner at the Pastories. After dinner we walked in the blackout to Piccadilly Circus. The night was so still. We felt as though we were the only ones in the world. Caught the tube

(subway) and went to a little pub in Victoria. This pub meant a great deal to Tommy because his friend, Bill Geiger, used to go there with him. Bill has been a prisoner of war for over a year now. We left the pub—where I had my first bitter, incidentally—and went to the 400 Club where we danced and talked, talked and danced. We were sitting at the table, just looking at each other, when Tommy asked me to marry him. I wanted to say "Yes" so badly, but I thought he must be kidding me. (So this was what is meant by love at first sight!) I told him I'd let him know. We made a date to see each other the following Saturday. Back to the Savoy, where we met Mitzi and Mack. I'm floating on a cloud. I used to laugh at such things when I read about them in fiction stories. But now it's happened to me. Hurry, hurry, next Saturday! What a long week it's going to be!

Sunday, Nov. 15: Did three shows today. Started out at eight in the morning. I just got home and it is one A.M. Am going to write to Tommy and then I'm going to bed. Even though I'm tired, I'm thrilled at being able to bring our wonderful boys at the camps some pleasure. They are so appreciative and responsive.

Monday, Nov. 16: More shows. More talks with the boys. You needn't worry about their morale, America! They're itching for a fight and they're afraid of nobody. They do miss not being able to get packages from home anymore, however. They get real yens for things from home.

Tuesday, Nov. 17: More shows. Heard from Tommy today.

Wednesday, Nov. 18: Ditto.

Thursday, Nov. 19: Did a show at an air base. Watched a flight of bombers come in from a raid. The officer told us how many planes went out. With genuine apprehension and anxiety, we tried to count the returning ships. I know now what suspense is and how much hope means—how much it is held on to. I saw it all in the faces of the officers around me and in the faces of the men of the ground crew as they watched the sky and listened for the sound of a

motor and waited and waited for their ship to come home. Each of us girls counted a different number of planes. Before we did our show, the commanding officer came on the stage and told all the men that the mission was very, very successful and that all the planes had returned safely. There was only one slight casualty. The men practically tore the place up. The walls seemed to quiver as they yelled and shouted. That was a wonderfully thrilling moment. I shall never forget it.

After the show, we went to the hospital. I talked to the boy who was wounded on the raid. His spirit was remarkable. He just wanted to get out and go back over the channel. I talked to another boy—a non com of the ground crew—who was critically ill. Yet he kept saying over and over, "I want to get out. Why won't they let me out? I should have been on the line today to meet my plane and the boys. They need looking after." I couldn't help crying. It was the most heartbreaking thing in the world to listen to him.

Friday, Nov. 29: More shows. Tomorrow I see Tommy! I've written him every day. And he's wired or written me. This is no "romance on a leave." It's so real it hurts.

Saturday, Nov. 21: Got in London at three this morning from a week of camp shows. Much to our amazement, we have been informed that we are to do a Command Performance at the Grenadier Guard Barracks in Windsor before the King and Queen, their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses, and the Grenadier Guards, in one week. It was startling but thrilling news to hear at three A.M. We're scared already.

Tommy telephoned this morning. Can't wait for tonight.

Martha, Mitzi, Kay, and I spent the day with Lt. Peter Lang who has begun to teach us all sorts of things about court etiquette—how to bow, when to speak, and all of the other details. We were told to address the King and Queen as "Your Majesty" until the conversation got going. Then we could call the King "Sir" and the Queen "Ma'am." But if the conversation

(Please turn to page 64)

RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

THE OUTLAW—Howard Hughes. Howard Hughes' long awaited, greatly publicized "\$2,000,000 Western" in which luscious Jane Russell makes her screen bow. Every scene originally shot was in the picture when previewed in San Francisco, including the much discussed scene of the girl warming the boy and other scenes said to be too intimate. The film, based on sex and action, has plenty of both. It also introduces Jack Beutel. Plot concerns *Billy the Kid's* friendship with a gambler (Walter Huston) and his last meeting with *Sheriff Garrett* (Thomas Mitchell).

THE MOON IS DOWN—20th Century-Fox. John Steinbeck's book has been made into an impressive, powerful drama as it records the terror and violence endured by the brave people of an occupied Norwegian town, from the heroic *Mayor Orden*, who gives his life in the cause for freedom, to the widow who avenges her husband's murder by killing a Nazi officer. Vigorous writing and uncompromising direction bring out superb characterizations, far stronger than the original Steinbeck portraits. Sir Cedric Hardwicke's *Col. Lanzer* and Henry Travers' *Mayor* are excellent.

THE HUMAN COMEDY—M-G-M. A touching screen drama from the William Saroyan story which depicts life in a small town, as seen through the eyes of a Postal Telegraph boy. Mickey Rooney does a top-rate job as *Homer*, the young lad who goes to work as a messenger when his brother (Van Johnson) joins the Army. Jack Jenkins, a newcomer, almost steals the show as the baby brother. Don't miss this.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—20th Century-Fox. Entertaining film musical about theatrical business at the turn of the century, bringing Alice Faye back to the screen, lovelier and better than ever, as an entertainer in *Cornell's* (John Payne) *Barbary Coast* shows. She accepts a musical comedy offer when John passes her up for a society girl, but returns to help him when he goes broke and his marriage fails. Payne is fine as *Johnny*. Lynn Bari, Jack Oakie, June Havoc, in cast. Revives old catchy tunes. Costumes are a Technicolor treat.

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—United Artists. An exciting melodrama of Prague's "Underground" on the march against Hitler's Gestapo. It pulls no punches in its vivid scenes of the Nazi reign of terror after "the Hangman's" execution, as the assassin escapes to become a symbol of freedom to the Czechs, who conceal his identity though it means the slaughter of hostages. Has real suspense. The capable cast has Brian Donlevy and Anna Lee.

CHINA—Paramount. A stirring film drama about the adventures of two Americans in war-torn China—Alan Ladd, as the oil dealer who sells his product to the highest bidder—Jap or Chinese—and Loretta Young, as a school teacher who is helping evacuate Chinese children and who makes him change his non-intervention attitude by bringing him face to face with Jap atrocities. Ladd gives a forceful performance and Loretta is excellent. Has exciting, thrilling sequences.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Paramount. Super musical crammed with comedy and celebrities. Victor Moore as the gateman of Paramount Studio masquerading as the head of the film company to show sailor son Eddie Bracken and pals the sights. The studio is turned upside down by Betty Hutton and a big show put on by the greatest stars. Bob Hope as the master of ceremonies; stars include Crosby, Lamour, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, MacMurray. See it.

RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M. James Hilton's great love story becomes a memorable motion picture. Greer Garson and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the shell-shocked soldier whom she befriends. Susan Peters, brilliant newcomer, gives an outstanding performance. This film ranks with "Goodbye Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.

FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO-Radio. Some of the fun of seeing this war charity film in which 78 prominent players contributed their services without pay will be derived from trying to pick out top stars in bit parts. It's an interesting tale, told in flashbacks, about an old house and its occupants for generations back by a modern *Trimble* (Ruth Warrick) to a *Pomfret* (Kent Smith) in its bombproof cellar during a raid. Anna Neagle, Ray Milland, Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino are in it.

AIR FORCE—Warner Bros. Exciting entertainment. An excellent fictional account of American history in the making. This is the story of the Flying Fortress, nicknamed the "Mary Ann" by her courageous crew. The heroic adventures of the "Mary Ann" after thrilling brushes with the

Japs are stirring set forth by a splendid cast including John Garfield, Harry Carey, Gig Young, John Ridgely. Magnificent photography.

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Samuel Goldwyn-RKO. A nitwit newshawk on the trail of Nazi saboteurs comically complicated by Bob Hope hilariously falling into a nest of spies and safely out again. Uproarious climax has the inimitable Hope rounding up the ring single-handed, and you rolling in the aisles. Bob, Dorothy Lamour as his long-suffering girl friend, Otto Preminger, Marion Martin, cute Phyllis Ruth are on their toes every minute.

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—M-G-M. A Cinderella tale which combines romance and comedy. It has Lana Turner as a small-town girl who rebels at her job of soda-jerker and disappears after her boss reprimands her. An accident makes it possible for her to pose as an amnesia victim—a lost heiress—until her ex-boss exposes her. He then realizes he loves her. The story is not worthy of Lana's beauty and good acting and Bob's excellent light comedy touch.

THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY—Universal. For the first time in her brilliant career, Deanna Durbin has to cope with a poor story. She tries hard to overcome the obstacles of a hodge-podge script which presents her as a refugee from the war in China, a giddy masquerading matron, and finally as a lovelorn girl—but not even the Durbin voice and personality can make this anything but routine entertainment. Barry Fitzgerald and Edmond O'Brien appear in the cast.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio. You won't want to miss this! Ginger Rogers teamed for the first time with Cary Grant, and both give grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man. Between them they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupid. Has witty, original dialogue. Good entertainment.

CASABLANCA—Warners. With a front page title, an exciting spy plot, and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays a café proprietor in French Morocco who, under the guise of cold indifference, helps refugees to escape from the Nazis. It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best. Beautiful Ingrid Bergman is seen as the girl he loves. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid in cast.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—RKO-Radio. An inspiring tale of adventure and love in which Rosalind Russell plays *Tonie*, a girl flyer who deliberately vanishes in the Pacific so that searching parties may photograph Jap fortifications. The rôle was inspired by the life of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is fine as the dashing aviator who romances with Rosalind and Herbert Marshall is good as the "other man" in her life.

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio. Sensational drama based on the best-selling book, "Education for Death," exposing Nazi methods of "educating" the German youth to the ruthless ideology of their Fuehrer. It relates the cold-blooded conditioning of boys and girls and the brutal treatment of any who fight against the system. Bonita is poignant, persuasive as the heroine; Tim Holt, convincing as the Gestapo boy.

IN WHICH WE SERVE—United Artists. Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Noel Coward—records the exploits of a British destroyer, *Torrin*, and her heroic crew in the historic battle off Crete. Tremendously moving, this is truly an inspired epic. Coward and fellow players are superb.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Universal. Alfred Hitchcock's gripping mystery drama is packed with shivers and full of suspense. A daughter of a typical American family idolizes her "visiting" *Uncle Charlie* until his strange behavior makes her suspicious. She discovers that the uncle for whom she was named is a murderer. Teresa Wright, fine as the horror-stricken girl; Joseph Cotten, splendid as the charming but terrifying *Uncle*.

SALUDOS AMIGOS (Hello Friends)—Disney-RKO. A travelogue-cartoon, filmed as part of our "good neighbor" policy, based on the South American tour made by Disney and his artists. Actual movies of the party's trip, combined with their impressions of natives, their songs, dances and fiestas, and the Latin American countries' vivid scenic splendor, plus amusing animated comedy sequences, make this novel cartoon entertaining and instructive.

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD—Artkino. An impressive documentary film, showing with stark realism the heroic stand of our Russian allies, both soldiers and civilians. It's a dramatic screen record of superhuman courage and endurance and a great job of candid camera reporting of history in the making. Its stirring scenes are unforgettable.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia. Stirring screen drama based on C. S. Forester's "The Commandos," depicting the plight of an invaded nation, with Paul Muni as the patriot who leads his people in revolt against the Nazis and, after escaping, returns to guide the British Commandos in a victorious raid which costs his life. Raids with actual trainees have authentic ring. Forceful war document. Skillful performance by Muni. Capable support by Anna Lee and Lillian Gish. Don't miss it.

CABIN IN THE SKY—M-G-M. An entertaining all-negro musical fantasy, based on the Broadway play. It has the many varieties of song, dance and comedy for which colored performers are well known and all players featured in it are at their best. The action takes place in "Rochester" Anderson's dream. While in a coma, he dreams of the struggles of the forces of good and evil for possession of his soul. Ethel Waters is flawless as wife *Petunia*, who wins *Joe* back from sultry *Georgia Brown* (Lena Horne).

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M. W. L. White's best-selling book about two young British blitz victims, has been fashioned into a fine, if weepy film. Robert Young gives his best performance as the sympathetic correspondent whose valiant efforts to bring the children, *Margaret* and *Peter* (Billy Severn), back to America with him provide scenes of powerful appeal, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's outbursts.

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount. Gay spontaneous movie fun! It's one long, hearty laugh from the time Mary Martin and Betty Hutton arrive on a Caribbean isle and meet Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken. Mary's fortune hunt for Rudy Vallee and Betty's frank pursuit of reluctant Eddie lead to hilarious situations, accompanied by smart new songs, delightfully sung. The Hutton-Bracken team is sure-fire for explosive comedy. See this.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—United Artists. A thrilling, exciting war picture which tells about the experiences of a British engineer (Clifford Evans) who goes on a dangerous mission to France before the Nazi invasion. Film shows encounters with fifth columnists, bombings and pitiful scenes of French refugees trying to escape the enemy. Constance Cummings plays an American girl and Tommy Trinder furnishes comedy as a British soldier.

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT—20th Century-Fox. Realistic war drama about the exploits of heroic soldiers lost in the Libyan desert. Henry Fonda is at his best as the Corporal who takes over command when the Sergeant (Thomas Mitchell) dies. The Sergeant's memory helps Fonda in making important decisions and in encounters with the enemy. A man's picture, with a love story for the ladies told in flashbacks, showing Fonda reminiscing back to happier romantic days with Maureen O'Hara.

THE BLACK SWAN—20th Century-Fox. If you want sheer escapist film fare, here's your picture. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling yarn of piratical practices in the Spanish Main make a riproaring adventure movie with Tyrone Power in the lusty rôle of the daredevil captain. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine.

THE POWERS GIRL—United Artists. Romantic musical glorifying long-stemmed American beauties of the John Powers model agency featuring Carole Landis, George Murphy, Anne Shirley, and Dennis Day, also a collection of Powers pretties. Miss Landis scores as the ambitious model; Day's melodious voice heard in his song numbers; but George Murphy over-acts as the photographer. Amusing Alan Mowbray plays the Powers part.

HIT PARADE OF 1943—Republic. A musical in which the tuneful songs fit the story. It's about a dishonest publisher-vocalist who steals a young girl composer's first song. She goes to work for him to get information to help expose him, but hate turns to love. John Carroll, good as the unscrupulous gent; Susan Hayward, as the girl, has her best rôle to date; Gail Patrick, good as her rival. Cheerful and gay.

SILVER SKATES—Monogram. A musical on ice with entertainment for young and old. The financial problems of an ice show and the romances of its members, introducing spectacular skating sequences and solos by wizards of the blades: Belita, sensational star; her partner, Eugene Turner, champion figure skater; Frick and Frack, riotous comedians; and a graceful skating chorus. Kenny Baker, fine as band leader; Patricia Morison, good as show's producer and girl Kenny loves. Good tonic for tired nerves.

I MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild-U.A. Triumph for Veronica Lake, this picturization of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. Veronica, as a lovely ghost, returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man (Fredric March), who caused her to be burned at the stake in 1670. It's all fine, imaginative fun. See it by all means.

How to Win Out in your **BIG MOMENT**



by
LORETTA YOUNG

Star of Paramount's
"CHINA"



1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!



2 It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials every day. **ACTIVE** lather removes dust and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives precious skin protection it needs.



3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.



4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your *tender* moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're *beautiful!*"



IT'S SMOOTH,
ADORABLE SKIN
THAT WINS
ROMANCE AND
HOLDS IT! YOU'LL
FIND DAILY
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** WITH
LUX SOAP A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY AID!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.

Carole Landis' War Diary

Continued from page 61

lagged, we were to start again with "Your Majesty." We were also told that the custom was not to speak unless we were spoken to.

Tommy and I had dinner together again. He came in with Jim and Mack. The four of us are going around a lot together. Tommy again asked me later in the evening to marry him. Why don't I tell him "Yes?" My heart wants me to. Why am I waiting? Guess it's because I still can't believe it's true.

Sunday, Nov. 22: Kay has gone to the hospital with a bad case of laryngitis. Mitzi is hospitalized, too. All the ligaments are torn in her left side from carrying off soldiers at the end of her jitterbug number. The boys didn't weigh much at first, but the last one topped the scales at over 200 pounds. And poor Mitzi is only five feet two. Martha and I are going to take over the show by ourselves and do as much of Kay's and Mitzi's work as possible.

Monday, Nov. 23: Left London for another week of camp shows. It's been a tough day. Martha and I are both tired and our throats are beginning to be a little sore. Wonder what Tommy is doing tonight? Is he up there in the sky? I pray for him constantly. Please God! Guide him and our boys back safely!

Tuesday, Nov. 24: More shows. Reception great.

Wednesday, Nov. 25: Four more shows today. Wrote Tommy again.

Thanksgiving Day: Had dinner with some men at a camp. They had known we were coming and had spent hours getting everything ready. The hall was all decorated and we had chicken, pumpkin pie, and most of the trimmings. We did another show. A swell day. Wish Tommy could have been here too.

Friday, Nov. 27: My throat is like raw meat. When we got into London, we found Kay and Mitzi ready to go with us for the Command Performance. They had insisted on leaving the hospital. I was more than upset when I discovered that my bag with all my clothes in it was missing. Luckily, it was found a half hour before we had to leave for Windsor. I had to do four more songs: *White Cliffs of Dover*, *Tangerine*, *Over There*, and *Deep in the Heart of Texas*. I didn't know the lyrics to any of them and had only a nodding acquaintance with the music. I got some sheet music and rehearsed all of ten min-

utes with a pianist. When we arrived at Windsor, we kept peeking through the curtains to see if their Majesties had arrived. One of the Guards told us that the King and Queen always arrived promptly. Our show wasn't to go on until eight so we relaxed a little—a very little. The Guard said, "When you hear the orchestra play *God Save The King*, you'll know their Majesties have arrived." Shortly afterwards, the Queen and their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses, came in. The King couldn't come at the last minute because of business. The show began at once. Kay was on the stage getting the show on its way. Mitzi was on next. Mitzi never dressed until the show was on because her costume was so skimpy that she would get cold if she stood around long. We were all jittery. Suddenly, Mitzi cried out, "My tights! I forgot my tights!" She was due on in a few minutes, and she couldn't possibly go on without them. It was too much for her. Still weak, she just sat down and cried. In a panic, I rushed over to Martha and got the purple tights she wore for her numbers; shoved them at Mitzi. Mitzi's color scheme wasn't so good, what with the blue dress she was wearing, but it was the best we could do.

Mitzi got through her act all right. Then Kay announced me. At that particular moment, the mike went dead. I had to yell out my dialogue. It was a long time before I could get up enough courage to look at the Queen. When I did, she smiled at me. That gave me the courage I needed so badly. The mike was finally fixed in time for my last two songs.

At the finale of all of our shows, we sang both the British and American national anthems. After the show, we were presented to the Queen and during our conversation she said to me, "I'm so ashamed of myself." "Why, your Majesty?" I stammered. "Because you knew all of the words of our national anthem," she said sweetly, "and I didn't know the words to yours. But I'm going to learn them tonight." She is truly a wonderful woman.

Saturday, Nov. 28: Rehearsed all day for the B.B.C. broadcast we did tonight.

Sunday, Nov. 29: A day off! Tommy came to see me. We spent a quiet day, just talking. Again he asked me to marry him. The more I see of him the more in love with him I am. It has been another unforgettable day. Could Tommy be the

reason I knew I had to come to England? But I didn't know he was even here.

Mitzi went back to the hospital tonight. She has pneumonia.

Monday, Nov. 30: Left for Ireland. Mitzi stayed behind.

Dec. 1: Arrived in Belfast. There was a message from Tommy. One of the officers handed it to me. He had called to say he missed me. I knew by now that I was going to say, "Yes." I couldn't wait to get back to let him know my answer, though he must have guessed it by now. The men at the first Army post promised us a steak upon our return at the end of the week of camp shows. We were all a bit tired of veal and rabbit—the usual fare in England—so the promise of steak really made us quite cheery. A British Colonel, Bill Rollo, said he would get us each some eggs if possible. We haven't seen an egg since we left the U.S.A.

Wednesday, Dec. 2: The country around the camps here is so beautiful. You have never seen such wonderful shades of green. And the Irish colleens—they are lovely. The boys are very happy. They talked constantly about Mrs. Roosevelt. They said she was terrific when she was here. Said they never saw anyone as tireless or as kind and gracious as she was. Her trip meant a lot to them.

Thursday, Dec. 3: It's been raining steadily. I have never seen so much mud! But the boys don't seem to mind.

Friday, Dec. 4: Met a flyer today. We talked for a long time about planes, about the war, about himself. He was a very interesting chap. Did more shows.

Saturday, Dec. 5: Just heard the flyer I talked to yesterday spun in. I feel terrible about it. Why do such fine young men have to die? Maybe when the answer to that is found, there will be no more wars.

We got our steak dinner. And we also got eighteen eggs apiece. What treasures they are!

Sunday, Dec. 6: Martha, Kay, and I each boarded a different bomber for the return trip to England. We harbored our eggs avidly. I spent all last night mentally allotting my eggs to the fighting boys I knew in England. The trip back was thrilling. One sergeant and I pretended that we were bombing military targets. One of our "objectives" was a herd of cattle—so we could go back and collect the steaks. About ten minutes away from our destination, we began to smell smoke. We looked around for the fire and found that one side of the ship was in flames. The sergeant got the fire extinguisher and yelled to the pilot, telling him how bad the blaze was. The pilot couldn't hear him over the motors, so I relayed the orders back and forth. For some strange reason, I wasn't scared. I just went on relaying orders. I put on my gloves, thinking I could at least cover my face if the worst happened. Every available man was helping with the fire now. Finally, the sergeant shouted to land, so we had to break formation. When we managed to land, the fire was smothered, and we all cleared out of the plane. The sergeant's hands were all burned and bleeding. After that adventure, I just had to give some of my treasured eggs to the men for doing such a swell job.

Lunched at the field. I met a Lieutenant Holland. He was feeling rather moody. He played a recording of the *Warsaw Concerto* for me. Tommy had told me how beautiful it was. It was written by a Polish flyer who had never written any music before. It depicted his emotions at seeing Warsaw razed



Carole Landis' first public appearance since her return from her tour was at the Hollywood premiere of "The Young Mr. Pitt," with the Walter Wangers (Joan Bennett).

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WHY IS AMERICA
SMOKING MORE—

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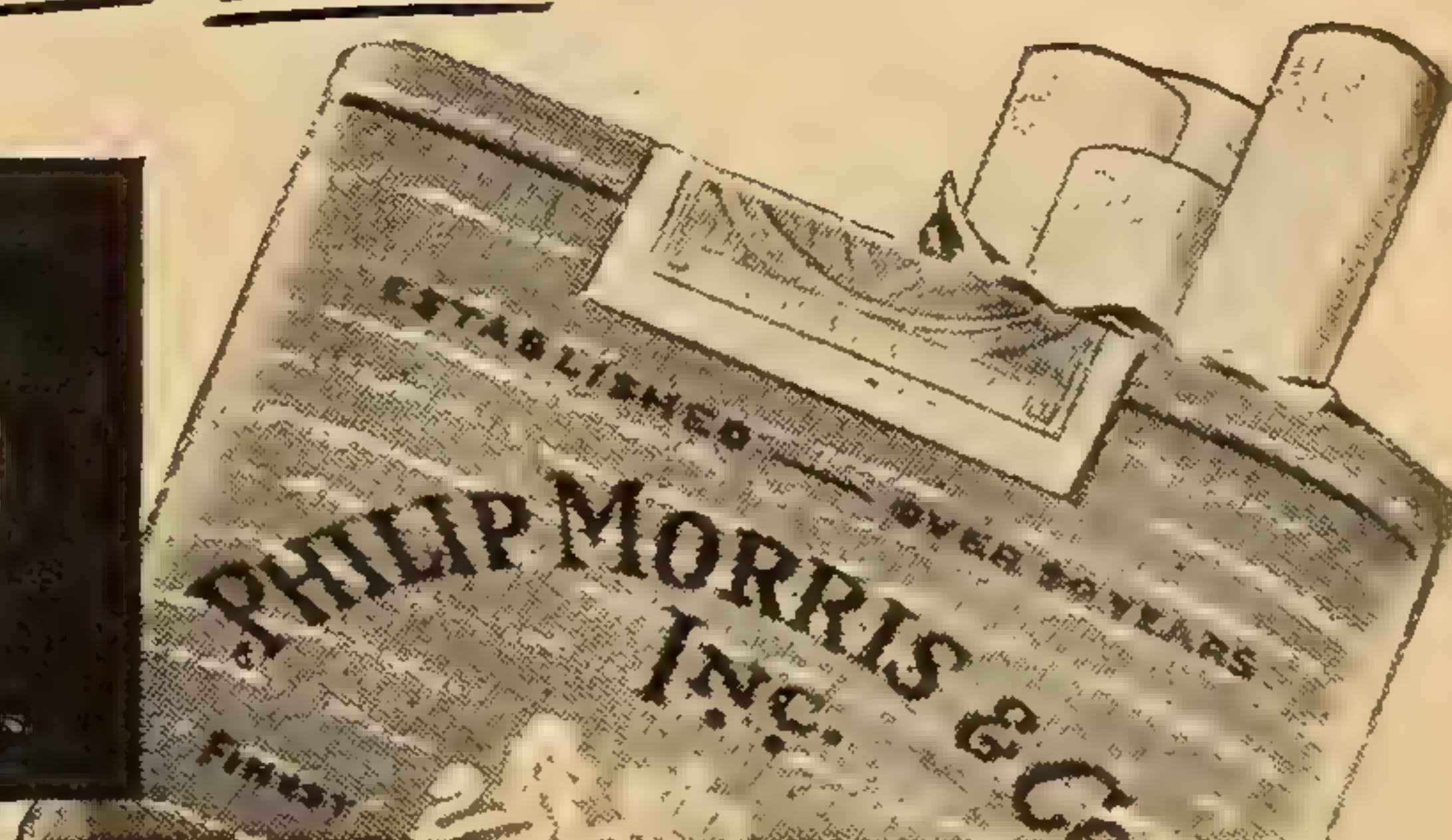
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and his feelings as he flew over it now on raids. It was terribly stirring. Lt. Holland told me he would have leave on New Year's, so I invited him to join Tommy and me.

Drove back to London. Glad to be back. Called Tommy at once. He flies a Spitfire, dear diary, as if you didn't know. The plane that really saved England during the Battle of Britain. He asked me if I'd made up my mind. I didn't hesitate a moment in saying, "Yes." A wonderful and thrilling moment. I was so excited and happy that I almost forgot to give him his surprise—some of the eggs I had brought back with me from Ireland. He almost fainted at the sight of them. We were so busy talking about our marriage plans that we forgot about dinner. If you don't eat dinner early in England, you don't eat—much. The only food available then—it was about 10:30—were Spam sandwiches. The waiters here call Spam "American ham."

Monday, Dec. 7: Had had terrible pains in my stomach all night. Mitzi is still in the hospital, so I was alone. About eight this morning, I called the doctor who promptly ordered me to the hospital. Seems I have appendicitis. Tommy came up to the suite and helped to get me off. He was so worried. Much more so than I. I'm to be operated on in a week.

Tommy called three times today. The nurses in the hospital wouldn't let me answer the phone, so they were kept busy giving me his messages and relaying mine to him. He also sent two wires.

Tuesday, Dec. 8: Mack and two of his friends came to see me today. Mack amazes me. He is the leader of the youngest squadron in Britain. The men are from 17 to 23 years old. Lt. Johnson and Lt. Kissel-berth, who came with Mack to see me, are great chums. Johnson, who is the chief pilot and is 23, is known as Baby, and Kissel-

berth, who is the bombardier and is 19, is called Kissy. They are devotion itself, and so attentive to me. They help to fill in the time when Tommy can't be with me.

Wednesday, Dec. 9: Tommy sent me more letters. I've read them over and over. I've been making plans while in the hospital for our wedding. He called again. Some of the soldier patients in the hospital have been in to see me. Just heard from a pilot who is in a hospital. Said that Lt. Holland had an accident and is in the same hospital. He won't be able to be with us New Year's. Something tells me I'll never see him again.

Thursday, Dec. 10: Not even thinking of the operation. Have almost finished details for the church wedding. Hope to be married January 1.

Friday, Dec. 11: More calls, more letters—all from Tommy.

Saturday, Dec. 12: Tommy came to the hospital today. He was so worried about me that he stayed overnight to be near me. His concern for me is wonderful. Makes me feel dependent on him, and I love that feeling. I won't be an independent wife.

Sunday, Dec. 13: Tommy's and my anniversary. We met a month ago today. We just sat and talked. But oh! It's a lovely day.

Thursday, Dec. 17: Couldn't write before. Am just beginning to feel like living again. Operation not too bad, though. Saw Tommy again and he's better than any doctor. I've asked the doctors to let me go back to London so I can be nearer to Tommy.

Friday, Dec. 18: Am used to hearing the planes go over every morning now. They wake me up. I think of Tommy up there too, and I'm scared and yet always full of hope. He says no Hun can get him. Every time they return, I send the nurse out to count them. My nurse is named Betty

Davies. This day has been like all days. Writing to Tommy, thinking of Tommy, waiting to see him, praying for his safety.

Sunday, Dec. 20: Didn't feel like writing yesterday. Am so excited now as I think I'll be allowed to go back to London.

Monday, Dec. 21: The doctors have let me come back to London. They sent me to the hotel on a stretcher and in an ambulance. It was a long ride, but just being near Tommy made it all worth while.

Tuesday, Dec. 22: Still resting up. Mack, Kissy, and Baby were in to see me since Tommy couldn't get away.

Wednesday, Dec. 23: I managed to give a party for Tommy and his friends. Mitzi, Kay, and Martha here too. I just had to get up, even though I knew I shouldn't. Mack, Kissy, and Baby came too. We had no gifts. I tried to get Tommy a watch but it was impossible. I did order some champagne, though, hoping the boys would like it and that it would help the Christmas spirit. They did and it did.

Christmas: Tommy took me to dinner at Bebe and Ben Lyons' home. They are such fine people and we had a grand time. Am still wobbly.

Saturday, Dec. 26: Tommy and I made final arrangements for the wedding. Still hoping to be married the first. Rested so I would be able to do the big show we are doing at the Palladium tomorrow night. I have to make that.

Sunday, Dec. 27: My doctor finally let me sing one number for the Palladium show. When I got on the stage and had finished my number, I felt like doing some of my dialogue. Then I began to sing another song. In the middle of the song, I felt as though I was going to faint. My head began to swim and my knees buckled. I held on to the mike for dear life. I barely made the wings. Kay—bless her!—was

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there to catch me. So was Betty Davies. This is the end of our tour of camps in England.

Monday, Dec. 28: Back in bed. I overdid it last night. Tommy and I have had to postpone our wedding. He wasn't sure of getting a leave and I expect to go to Africa any day. Yes, we finally got permission to go. I want to make the trip, but please—let me get married first!

Friday, Jan. 1: Tommy and I have been so busy shopping these last few days I haven't had time to keep you posted, diary. I have never been so up in the clouds. We got our marriage license today. That wonderful day is drawing closer and closer. It can't come too soon for me. Tommy is sweeter than ever—if that's possible.

Saturday, Jan. 2: Tommy and I were looking for a church today. And we found just the place. I've just heard that the girls and I have to leave for Africa at once. I'm heartbroken. Why didn't we get married when we had the chance? Why didn't I accept sooner?

Sunday, Jan. 3: Weather so bad we couldn't leave for Africa. If only Tommy can get time off now! Now I hear we're to leave any day. Our marriage seems to be getting farther and farther away.

Monday, Jan. 4: Tommy and I, sensing that time wasn't on our side, completed our shopping today. I bought a cake for the wedding. Couldn't get a bridal couple for the decoration but did get a toy Spitfire.

Tuesday, Jan. 5: Tommy managed to get away. We were to be married at two o'clock. At one, I got word that we were to leave for Africa within an hour. We were just about to postpone our marriage again when at one-thirty, our trip was again postponed. Fate is with me. So—at two—so happy I could hardly stand it, I said, "I do."

Friday, Jan. 8: You'll forgive me for not writing, but I've been on a glorious two-day honeymoon. For a while, Tommy and I were almost able to forget the world and the war. I hate to have the honeymoon end—it's been so short—but this time I have to go to our embarkation point to leave for Africa. Tommy met me tonight and we had four hours together. I left immediately for Africa.

Jan. (?): During our flight we were fired upon but we were high enough not to be hurt. When we came to our destination, we found we couldn't land because the weather was so bad. Flew to another port. The weather was worse, so we started back to our original landing place. Our gas was getting very low. We were given our "Mae Wests" and told how to use them. Fortunately, Lady Luck was with us and we landed safely.

Jan. (?): Arrived in North Africa. The field where we landed was bombed the night before. Our eyes were opened plenty! Mitzi's face was very swollen. She had an abscessed tooth. It was terribly painful but she went right on with the show.

Jan. (?): First night at the camp we had dinner with the officers. We didn't hear the sirens at first. Finally, an officer said, "Want to see the show?" It was an air raid. And a real one, very exciting and terrifying. Saw a German plane shot down. The wail of the sirens was an eerie accompaniment to the excitement.

Jan. (?): Began our shows in Africa. Were taken to the camps in a transport with Spitfire fighter escorts.

Jan. (?): Arrived at a camp and was told that if any raids came, an officer had been assigned to each of us to take us to a fox-hole. We had done one show and were having coffee before doing the next one. Suddenly, we heard the ack-ack guns barking. We were practically thrown into a muddy fox-hole by a sergeant. We always try to look glamorous as possible for the boys,

so I had on my silver fox coat and my nylons! That *really* hurt! The trench was very small and there were about fifty soldiers and the four of us crowded together. It was so very muddy and cold. During the hour and forty minutes we were there, we sang songs and the fellows sang with us. Some bombs fell pretty close to us. After the raid, we did the show.

Jan. (?): En route to another destination. We encountered some JU 88's but our Spitfire escorts and the cloud formations helped us to elude them. How I wish Tommy were here in one of those Spitfires so near to me. And how I miss him! I *have* to go back to England before going home. I *have* to see him again!

Jan. (?): Our two weeks in Africa have come to an end. Kay, Mitzi, and Martha are going back to the States. I talked to General Eisenhower—a wonderful man—and asked him to let me return to England to spend two weeks with Tommy. He asked all about Tommy and about our marriage. And—bless him—he gave me the official papers.

Last of January: Returned to England.

Feb. 14: Spent two wonderful weeks with Tommy which will explain why I haven't kept up my diary very well. And now I have to leave for home. I said good-bye to Tommy tonight. I've been crying for hours. But I have to get back to play in "Winter Time" and then in "Four Girls in a Jeep," the latter based on our experiences. Then, if Tommy can't get away to come here, I'm going back to him.

On my way home, Tommy is always in my mind. I've been thinking of a talk he and I had. I told him about the time I first knew I *had* to come to England. He said, "That's funny, but just at that time, I arrived in England for duty." Maybe it's silly to believe it was Fate that took me to England. Maybe Tommy's being there had nothing to do with it. But it did seem as though Fate had a big hand in it all.

Home again. Back to work. Back to work with my memories of a thrilling experience—of Kissy, Baby, and our wonderful, wonderful boys—of Tommy and wondering what is happening to him up there—I'm afraid at times but somehow I'm confident that when this all is over, he will be here with me just as the boys over there will be with their loved ones when that blessed day of peace comes. Pray God it comes soon!



Betty Grable, our Cover Girl, photographed in a Catalina swim suit. "Coney Island" and "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" are Betty's next two pictures for 20th Century-Fox.

What it Takes to be a Pin-Up Girl

Continued from page 21

sometimes in their planes and tanks. A Pin-Up Girl, for the records, has nothing to do with legs. Well, not necessarily.

When I first came to Hollywood with my mother and father in the summer of 1929—I was thirteen at the time—I was a movie-struck fan of the first water. I wore my hair like Shearer, and I tried to walk like Garbo. The first place I visited was the famous forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. If someone had told me then that some day I'd be invited to leave my impression in the cement there along with the great of the film capital I would have thought that someone was definitely crazy. But a few weeks ago I was given that honor. While a soldier and a sailor and a marine held me gingerly in rather an unconventional pose, my legs were dunked in the cold, sticky cement. I was glad to have the soldier, sailor and marine with me on that occasion. Whatever popularity has been given me the last two years I am certain I owe to the boys in uniform. I am indeed very grateful to them.

During the past ten months I have met, danced with, and talked to, hundreds of the men in service. Last fall I went on an extensive camp tour, and I planned to go out on another one soon after, but the studio put me in "Coney Island," quickly followed by "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." I didn't even have time in between to go to the dentist. But every day one of the volunteer organizations in Hollywood brings dozens of boys on my set, boys who have just returned from the Solomons, or who are on their way to the Solomons, and in between "takes" we talk and get acquainted. They're a grand bunch of fellows. Also, several nights a week, after I have finished work at the studio, I go to the Hollywood canteen to dance with the boys, serve them coffee and sandwiches, and sign autographs for them to send to their mothers and sweethearts. Though I thoroughly enjoy dancing with them, it's getting a little hard on the shoe situation. I'm wearing out shoes dancing at the canteen faster than I can buy them—on a rationing card.

Many of the boys I've met have written me such nice letters when they've returned to their camps, telling me that I gave a lift to their morale. This makes me very happy. But they too have helped my morale, considerably. I have been very depressed and lonely the past few weeks, ever since I broke off with George. You see I'm the type of girl who likes one guy and sticks to him. I'm not a career girl. When I love a man I want to get married and have children and a home and live like other people. I would toss aside whatever career I have in two seconds to marry the right guy. I was positive that George was the right man for me and I would have married him a week after I met him, I loved him so much. But George couldn't marry me. After two years of hoping and waiting there didn't seem to be much point in postponing a break that was inevitable.

Even though it hurt desperately, I know I have done the right thing. And when you have done what you think is right nothing else really matters, does it? The "right guy" for me will come along some day, I suppose, though right now I don't see how I could love anyone again as much as I did George. But for the duration I belong to the Army, Navy, and the Marines. I am more than pleased to be their favorite Pin-Up Girl.

The other night at the canteen a bunch of boys who were cooks on a boat that had

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VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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been under fire in the South Pacific told me that they had my picture pinned up over the big soup caldron in the galley. The other day I received a letter from some boys in a naval hospital in Southern California. They said that they had been quarantined with measles for the past two weeks and that I had just been voted the girl they would most like to be quarantined with, and please send a picture.

A young corporal I met at the canteen one night (he was home on leave after seeing service in Guadalcanal) told me that his buddies had nicknamed me Miss Tokyo—and voted me the girl they most wanted to spend their leave with in Tokyo.

Sometimes, though, it isn't so gay. Sometimes what they write me, and tell me, nearly breaks my heart. I think about it in the night and I cry myself to sleep. There was the letter I opened one day and a crumpled, badly torn page from a magazine fell out. It was a picture of me. On the margin a young pilot had written, "Dear Betty, I had your picture on the instrument board of my plane the night we bombed Berlin. It got shot up a bit. So did I. Please send me a new picture." And just last week I received a letter from a marine now in the hospital in San Diego. He enclosed a picture of me which had been folded in four parts—with a bullet hole through the center. He had found the picture in his buddy's pocket, after he had been shot by a Jap sniper in New Guinea. "I don't want to make you sad, Miss Grable," he wrote, "but I wanted you to know what the boys think of you out there—and this one boy in particular. He called you his best girl." I cried for hours after reading that. As soon as he is able to leave the hospital I have invited the marine to visit me in Hollywood. Is there any wonder that I am proud and happy to be a Pin-Up Girl.

I have been asked several times lately what it takes to be a Pin-Up Girl. Just in case the catty gal I heard whispering

about me in the studio lunch room was right (I'm not one to take a chance) I have had a lot of new pictures of myself taken—and in a bathing suit. A lot of stars in Hollywood carry on like prima donnas with indigestion when they are asked to pose for bathing suit art. They consider bathing suit art highly undignified. Maybe it is. But if it's what the soldiers want it's all right with me. What's wrong with bathing suits? So they show your legs. What's wrong with legs? They've been around for a long time.

Of course I prefer to think that it takes being a good pal to be a Pin-Up Girl. That's what I've tried to be to the boys in the camps and at the canteen. And succeeded, I think. When the boys want to dance I dance with everyone of them who asks me (and in those tag dances a girl certainly gets around) as long as there is any music. And Kay Kyser, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, and the other lads with bands in town have things jumping there every evening. I have noticed that some of the Hollywood beauties have a way of coming in occasionally and making a mad dash for the snack bar—thereby quickly putting a counter between themselves and the armed forces. And no amount of persuasion will get them out on the dance floor. "To be mussed by that mob," they shriek in disgust. *That mob*, it seems, is good enough to die for them, but not good enough to touch them. Fine thing!

Of course a lot of the glamorous stars, who do their dancing on Saturday nights at the Mocambo and Ciro's, haven't gotten around to jiving, and they are afraid of being made to look silly on the canteen dance floor. That's ridiculous. After all, it's all for fun and cheering up the soldiers, and not for close-ups. I like Mary Astor's attitude. When an enthusiastic young jitterbugger dragged her out on the dance floor, she said, "Soldier, I might as well tell you now, I don't know a thing about jitterbugging." "Lady," he said,



Boy, oh, boy, look at us with Betty Grable, these grins above seem to be saying. Left to right: Pilot Gilbert Smith, Pilot Seymour, Navigator Metzler and Bombardier Holt, all Second Lieutenants in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

"when I get through with you you'll know!" All right," said Mary, "I'd like to know."

Every evening the studios in Hollywood give away two war bonds to the two boys holding the lucky numbers. The boys are given numbers as they enter the canteen, and at nine o'clock, and again at eleven, one of the actresses there is asked to spin the wheel, and then present the winner with his bond. The canteen officials suggested that it would be nice if the girls kissed the boys who win. There were quite a few complaints about this; some girls just don't like kissing strange boys who come from goodness knows where (and are going goodness knows where, let me remind them), but there were no complaints from me. If a kiss cheers up a soldier these days, and it certainly seems to, there can't be anything wrong in it. It was all right to be formal and proper with men in uniform three years ago. You had a right then to be insulted if a lot of soldiers you didn't know from Adam put their arms around you on a dance floor. And if they stole an occasional kiss you had a right to be as mad as a hornet. But that's quaint and old-world now. If you want to be a good pal to the boys in service you have to check your inhibitions for the duration.

Soldiers, I've noticed, always want to tell me about their homes, mothers, and girl friends. For the most part they are lonely and homesick. And why shouldn't they be? They've been taken away from their homes, their sweethearts, and their hopes for the future. They can't even make specific plans until the war is over, and they know it. But they can remember. . . . They can hope and dream, even in the jungle of Guadalcanal, in the desert of Tunisia. And that is where you girls at home come in. It is you they are dreaming of. You're more important to them now than you were when they could call you on the phone and ask you for a date. The memory of you is all they have—except, of course, discomfort, danger, suffering, perhaps the possibility of death.

So girls, let me say this to you who have a soldier sweetheart, or even a soldier friend. Never neglect him. Never put off writing to him. Never let him think that because he is a long way off, and can no longer take you to the movies and to dances, that he isn't important to you any more. Write to him daily, if you can. Letters from home mean more to soldiers than all the gold in Fort Knox.

Do you see what I mean? Yes, I know, I've been talking about being a Pin-Up Girl, and about how grateful I am that many soldiers and sailors have sort of picked me out as a typical Pin-Up Girl. But, of course, the real Pin-Up Girl in any fighting man's life is not a girl in movies whom he doesn't even know. She is the girl he kissed goodbye that last night of the last leave he had before he sailed away—to fight. She is the girl who promised to wait for him no matter where he went and for how long. She is the girl he is counting on building a future with in that dim, distant, but sure day when peace shall have come back to the world. Never forget that. . . .

Our men in uniform have a big job to do. A terrible job. But the girls they leave behind have a job to do too, and I hope they never forget it. A soldier's sweetheart should never forget what a responsibility it is, as well as what a privilege it is, to be a soldier's sweetheart.

**"YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT—
NOW DO YOUR BEST"
BUY MORE WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS**

"I married for love... *not this*"



HOW A DISTRESSED WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT SO OFTEN ENDS ROMANCE



1. There never was a happier couple than Van and I—at first. But a strangeness grew up between us . . . Then bickerings . . . Day after day, I cried my eyes out.



2. One day I came to my senses. I went over to see our physician—a woman with a heart as big as all outdoors. She guessed the trouble, almost before I'd told her anything. "So often," she explained softly, "a man can't forgive this one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



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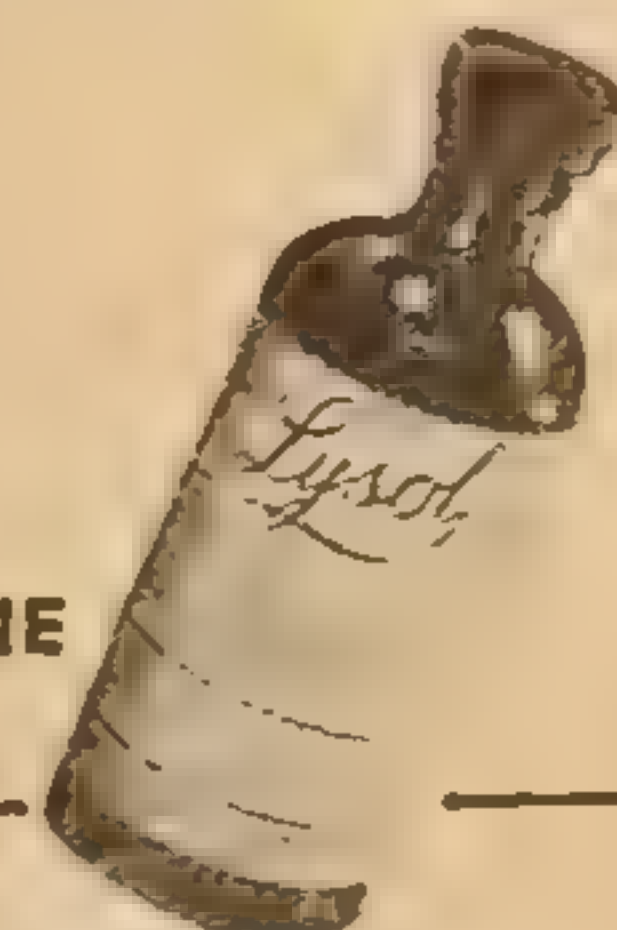
4. I did just as she told me—and was delighted to find Lysol so easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Van and I are ideally happy. I'm everlastingly grateful to my doctor.

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Songbird with Sex Appeal!

Continued from page 22

music, she invariably gets side-tracked by sex. Instead of landing in the "Met" she lands in the movies. Some people would call that a lucky break (I would), but Janet, who cut her teeth on Brahms and Beethoven, is not too sure.

"I was just beginning to be contented with being a moving picture actress," Janet told me, "when I went to the President's Birthday Ball a few months ago. There was a shortage of taxis in Washington, and as the entertainers had to make a number of appearances that night at the different hotels, we were bundled together in the available cabs. I found myself sitting next to Lawrence Tibbett. Though I had had a crush on him for years I had never met him before. He had such a grand sense of humor and was so much fun. Before that hectic night was over we had become the best of friends and I was confiding all my ambitions in him. When he told me goodbye after our final appearance that evening he said, 'Hurry up and get in opera, Miss Janet Blair, so we can sing together.' I was so thrilled. Meeting Mr. Tibbett was the highlight of my trip. And it revived all my suppressed desires to go into opera. I came back with the determination to study harder than ever. Wouldn't it be wonderful to sing in the 'Met'!"

Janet proceeded to burst into a bit from "Herodiade." Definitely the Tibbett influence. Because the last time I had seen her was in a grocery store and she had burst into *Oh Lovely Night*—except she sang it "Oh can of beans how many points," and I had heard the clerk whisper to a couple of respectable and bewildered old ladies, "She's harmless. Just sings to herself all the time."

We were in the Columbia Studios gallery waiting for Milton. Milton is a real canary, and he was supposed to have his picture taken with Janet. When he finally put in his appearance, Janet greeted him with a few lilting bars from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" waltz. Milton only ruffled his neck feathers and looked extremely bored. Unlike Mr. Tibbett, he did not ask her to join him in a duet.

Janet has been music-minded all her life. (Her real name is Martha Janet Lafferty. She took the name Blair when she went into show business. Blair is the name of the county Altoona is in.) When she was born, twenty-two years ago, the church choir in Altoona was composed almost exclusively of Laffertys. Her Dad had a swell voice, and her mother played the church organ for twenty years. Little Janet took to do-re-mi like a duck to water. The family was well pleased. They made plans: when their little songbird was older she would study classical music, and some day—perhaps—she would be a singing teacher.

But when Janet was ten she heard Bing Crosby sing *When the blue of the night*. She thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever heard. She became a rabid Crosby fan and bought or borrowed all his records. Then she started imitating him—boo-boo-boos and all—until her poor family nearly went crazy. "I think," said Dad, completely fed up with crooning, "Janet had better start taking voice lessons right away."

Janet's music teacher, whom she adored, and still does, was Miss Martha Roberts, who lived in Harrisburg, but taught music in nearby Altoona on certain days of the week. "Marty Roberts," Janet said seri-

ously, "is a rare person. When you meet her and go away you feel you've had a touch of heaven."

When Janet went to New York last winter for the gala premiere of "My Sister Eileen," in which she played her first big picture part, she wired Martha Roberts and Ruth Barnes, her Altoona dancing teacher, to visit her in New York. And it is still a toss-up as to who was the most thrilled-to-tears when they saw Janet's name in electric light bulbs on the Music Hall marquee—Martha, Ruth, or Janet.

When Janet was seventeen she graduated from high school, and her family was all set to send her to the Juilliard School of Music. They'd heard so much praise of their daughter's voice that now they had visions of the Metropolitan Opera. Janet had visions too. Having discovered that she was a soprano (during the Crosby period she had fancied herself a contralto) she lay awake nights planning her debut before Manhattan's bejeweled music-lovers in the long blonde braids of *Marguerite*. And then Hal Kemp's band played Altoona. And sex appeal entered, right on cue.

The summer before, Alex Holden, manager of Kemp's band, and a family friend, had heard Janet trilling the scales and had kiddingly said, "Work hard, Janet, and some day I'll let you sing with the band." But Janet was busy being *Marguerite* at the time and hadn't paid much attention. However, the next year when the band came to Altoona to play for a local dance Janet, right in the midst of a twirl, suddenly said, "Excuse me, please," to her dismayed partner, and went in search of Holden. "Remember your promise," she demanded. "I'll ask Hal," quavered Holden, figuring himself in a tight spot. But Kemp murmured something about "if she can sing as good as she looks," and put her on! Naturally she was a knock-out. It was Altoona. How could she miss? Altoona is



Janet Blair dances with Charles Boyer in New York, where both stars appeared at Red Cross Benefit.

**"You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best"
BUY MORE WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

Janet's St. Joe. They love her in Altoona.

Kemp and Holden talked it over later. They agreed that Janet had a lovely voice, but it was no good for a band, as she had been trained for classical music. But—with that freshness, that personality, and those gams, *every* town would be Altoona. A week later Kemp offered her a contract. Janet had to make a choice between continuing her study of serious music and singing popular songs with a band. She chose the band. "Don't look now," her brother Fred said to a catalogue of the Juilliard School of Music on the living room table, "but you've just lost your prize pupil."

Janet was with the band eighteen months. During that time she learned poise, she learned how to put over a popular song, and she learned how to make friends with an audience. She still dreamed about *Marguerite* and her blonde wig occasionally, but most of the time she was too tired after the last show to dream at all. The band was fulfilling an engagement at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco when she learned that Hal Kemp had been killed in an automobile accident. It was the first time tragedy had ever touched her. Fortunately, her parents were vacationing in Hollywood at the time, so she joined them there.

Janet credits her advent in pictures to Carol Tornroth of the NBC Artists Bureau. He couldn't reconcile himself to the idea of so much talent being confined to band work, so he urged her to take a screen test. An agent told Janet that Columbia Studios were badly in need of a singer. They hadn't had a good one since Grace Moore checked out. So when Janet took the test she gave out with her clearest notes, and tossed in some of her best tonsil work. But when the test was run off later for the executives in the studio projection room no one could listen for looking. "Whew," they said, "with a chassis like that she should be in pictures."

She signed with Columbia, went to work with a Hollywood voice teacher, and waited impatiently to be asked to sing a few arias for one of Mr. Harry Cohn's pictures. No one asked her to sing. But she was kept plenty busy in the gallery taking leg art, and bathing suit layouts. She made three pictures at the studio before anyone knew she could sing a note.

Janet thinks she got her first break in pictures because she was in a bathing suit. Gregory Ratoff, the director who makes with the Russian accent, was looking for a girl to play the lead in "Two Yanks in Trinidad." Someone suggested Janet, and Ratoff demanded she be brought to him at once. Janet was in the gallery, still, in a bathing suit, taking publicity pictures. She was told to stop everything and get to Ratoff's office immediately. She hastily put a coat over her bathing suit and rushed to the office. When the director was introduced to her he promptly demanded, "Take off your coat. I want to look you over to see if you are the girl for the part. How can I tell anything about you when you are wrapped up from your ears to your ankles?"

Janet refused to remove her coat, saying, "I'm either the girl or I'm not, regardless of the coat."

"Ah ha," shrieked Ratoff, "that's the girl for me! That's just the fire and punch I'm looking for. What is your name, little girl? You're hired."

(Please turn to page 74)



Spell "IT" to the Marine

With Your
Evening in Paris Make-up

The marines love trouble... and this exquisite make-up, perfumed with the Fragrance of Romance, can spell heart-trouble in any man's language!

Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty... delicate flush of feathery rouge... bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick... surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

Face Powder, \$1.00 • Lipstick, 50c • Rouge, 50c • Perfume, \$1.25 to \$10.00.
(All prices plus tax)

Evening in Paris

Distributed by

BOURJOIS

Listen to the new Bourjois radio show, "Here's to Romance" with David Broekman's orchestra, the songs of Buddy Clark and Jim Ameche as Master of Ceremonies, Sundays over the Blue Network.



Candid Photos by Jean Duval

What's this? Rita Hayworth going steady with Orson Welles? Joseph Cotten, at right in photo above, accompanies his pal Welles and the lovely Rita to dinner at the Brown Derby. And what will Vic Mature say?

BILL LUNDIGAN has enlisted in the United States Marine Corps and expects to go in two months. Martha O'Driscoll says there will be no marriage until after the war—if at all. Nice gesture on M-G-M's part to give Bill a bonus as a going-away present.

IT HAPPENED on the "Saratoga Trunk" set. Ingrid Bergman had to smoke a cigarette in a scene. She actually had never tried it before. They had to take time out while she practised away on her puffing. As a gag, the following day Gary Cooper presented Ingrid with an old corn-cob pipe!



Joe Cotten again, this time with Deanna Durbin at Hollywood Victory Committee meeting.

WHEN Jack Benny was sent to Arizona to recover from pneumonia, Mary Livingstone joined him. Not wanting to make the trip alone, she asked Ann Sothorn to accompany her. Ann was delighted for several reasons, one being that boy friend Bob Sterling was stationed at Thunderbird Field, just twenty miles away from the Arizona Biltmore. During the ten days she was there, Ann got to see Bob twice, just thirty minutes each time.

UNLESS she changes after the picture starts rolling, there's a new Pola Negri on the set of "Hi Diddle Diddle." The old Pola was so temperamental, you could actually see the sparks fly. But the war and suffering she has seen in Europe has left its mark.

KINDA cute and kinda sad, that's what Jane Withers' seventeenth birthday was. She invited all her former leading men—not one of them over twenty. All of them who could get there, were in uniform. By far the handsomest was Yeoman Richard Clayton. He looked like that young sailor the Navy uses on its recruiting poster.

WHAT price glory department: Gig Young, boot-camping in the Coast Guard at Alameda, California, got his first leave of absence. So Gig went into Oakland and there, on the marquee of the Fox Theater, for the first time in his life he saw his name in lights. The picture was "Air Force." Gig was thrilled and rushed in to see it. Then he came out and stood in front of the theater and looked at his name again. For the next two hours he stood out in the street, trying to hitch-hike a ride that would get him back to the base again!

THE entire studio turned out when Bob Hope and Zasu Pitts did a jitterbug number for "Let's Face It." Zasu, by the way, had Bob in hysterics, telling about the different ways her name has been mispronounced. The one Bob almost passed out over was—"Zulu Potts."

MOST stunning air raid warden in Beverly Hills is Verree Teasdale. She's very conscientious about it, too. Recently there was an "alert." Another air raid warden trespassed on Verree's territory. The scene that followed was much better than any she's ever played on the screen.



Ginny Simms with "old friend" Private Howard Greeley at opening of Florentine Gardens.

JACK OAKIE lives in a Hollywood apartment so he hasn't a yard for a Victory garden. So what? So he's planted vegetables in dirt-filled boxes on the roof. "It's up so high the birds can't stand the altitude," says Jack. "Now my scarecrow has to find a new agent!"

ELEANOR POWELL has been spending every week-end at San Diego, in the hope of getting to see Glenn Ford. In the short time he has been in the Marine boot camp, Glenn has proven tremendously popular with his buddies. Despite the hard work, Glenn has gained ten pounds and never looked better in his life.

EVERYONE was feeling sorry for Joan Leslie because her life seemed to be all work and no play. Then Joan reached the ripe old age of 18. So what happened? Every time a young man tried to make a date with Joan, she turned him down. "There's plenty of time to have fun," she explains. "First I want to be a good actress."

PAT DANE may not have lived up to M-G-M's great expectations, but she certainly has remained true to the reputation she built up for herself. Latest episode is her marriage to that sentimental gentleman of swing, Tommy Dorsey. Wonder what Tommy has that made Cedric Gibbons so easy to forget?

WELL, it finally happened. Humphrey Bogart got a letter from a WAAC. She asked him to send her a picture of himself in a bathing-suit. She said all the girls were crazy about him and they were naming him "Pin-Up Boy Number One." Bogart, with that terrific sense of humor, is having the picture made. His bathing-suit will be a gay '90's model.



Unusual group of unusual stars: Jean Hersholt, Alice Faye, Allyn Joslyn, and George Brent at Screen Guild program.

DOLORES MORAN, the girl Warners are giving more publicity space than good parts, has just been handed a strange compliment. A soldier writing to her says, "You are the girl I'd like most to be shot out of a cannon with." Dolores is trying to figure out whether she should feel flattered.

EVERY time Paul Henreid gives an interview (which is often) he raves about Willie May Lee, his cute colored cook. Well, all the ebony-hued soldiers have started to write to Willie May, who has quite a sense of humor about it all. The boys keep asking her for photographs. So Willie May asked Paul if he could arrange for her to have one of those glamorous sittings like Ann Sheridan has, at the studio. Paul is arranging it!

**THIS IS STATION
F-U-N**

Two barrels of fun with two bottles of joy—that's what you see in this picture! Pepsi-Cola gets a great big hand from stars and fans alike—it's the grand drink with the swell taste and five cents opens a big, big bottle.

JERRY COLONNA

★

VERA VAGUE

The Servicemen's Comedy Team

Pepsi-Cola Company. Long Island City, New York. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.

Speaking of CALF LOVE



What could be neater
than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's...well, eyes...turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry...and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed...are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.



Songbird with Sex Appeal!

Continued from page 71

And Ratoff was so thoroughly pleased with his "discovery" that he insisted that she play the little song writer from Altoona, Pa., in a later production of "Something to Shout About."

In those days Janet was pretty discouraged. She kept feeling that she had made a mistake. "Music is so important to me," she told me. "When I am blue, music pulls me right out of my dumps. When there is music I forget everything else. I didn't want to be a leg art cutie. I wanted to be a singer. I wanted it so bad it hurt."

Well, Janet was just about to call everything off and go back to Altoona and start from scratch. And then Columbia gave her one of the best parts of the year—the part of Eileen in "My Sister Eileen." Eileen was a sexy little dish who had quite a way with men, a nice way of course, and although there wasn't any vocalizing in it, at least it was a wonderful acting part.

"I was awfully proud of Eileen when I played it," Janet confessed to me. "But now I realize how far from perfect I was. There's plenty of room for improvement in my acting."

Eileen reconciled Janet to Hollywood. That is, she was all reconciled until she met Lawrence Tibbett in Washington at the President's Birthday Ball. Now she's wavering again. A lot can be said in favor of Eileen. But a lot can be said in favor of Marguerite.

Janet is about the least movie-conscious actress you are likely to meet in the cinema capital. She doesn't give a darn for night clubs. "I had to play too many of them when I was with the band." In a town where people get their cars out of the garage just to cross the street, Janet's "Let's walk, we've got time, haven't we?" has her friends shaking with incredulity. Next to singing she likes walking. She thinks things out when she is walking. And when she is walking and thinking she is also invariably singing. She lives in an apartment house with quite a large patio which she has to walk through before she reaches the street. As she has a habit of walking at night, when she can't sleep, the neighbors were

often greeted around midnight with snatches of Strauss. They complained to the manager. At least some of them did. Some of the others complained too. But a different kind of a complaint. They said to the manager, "Whatever happened to the little Blair girl who sang so beautifully? Doesn't she go for walks any more? Her singing was quite the nicest thing about this apartment house."

When she first came to Hollywood Janet shared her small apartment with her sister Louise, who was a technician in a laboratory. But Louise married and moved back East to be with her Navy husband. So now Janet shares her apartment with Nuisy, a cat who likes to sit in the wash basin and have water drip on her tail. Cats and dogs are Janet's weakness, and she'd like to have dozens of dogs, but the apartment house rules say, "No dogs and no children." If the manager ever tells her she can't have a radio, a recording machine, and a piano she'll move out. She might give up dogs, for the time being, but she won't give up music. Half of her salary goes into recordings.

Janet is engaged to Louis Busch, who is a private in Uncle Sam's Army. At present he is stationed at Santa Ana, near enough to come in to see her several times a week, when he has a few hours' leave. Louis used to be a pianist and arranger with the Hal Kemp band, and he fell in love with Janet that first night she sang with the band in Altoona. But he had the wisdom to keep his own counsel while she was in the process of growing up. They became engaged last winter, when she was twenty-one. Exactly an hour before the train left for New York and the "My Sister Eileen" opening, he slipped a ring on her finger.

What about marriage? Janet isn't saying—yet. Maybe not until the war is over. Maybe not until she makes up her mind about the Metropolitan. A safe bet is that one day she'll sign a contract to sing Marguerite. And the next day she'll marry Louis. You know how it is with Janet. Her artistic life always seems to get side-tracked by (the Hays Office has just returned from lunch) youknowwhat.



Sisters on the set: Joan Fontaine, in costume for her rôle in "Jane Eyre," has a distinguished visitor in Olivia de Havilland, trim and tailored.

Kay Kyser's New Girl

Continued from page 25

licity. That is one side of the Kay Kyser-Georgia Carroll combination. But simultaneously come the reports that Kay Kyser now no longer privately carries the torch for Ginny Simms! He never either denied or confirmed their romance, which kept Hollywood guessing, predicting, and wondering if their love would culminate in marriage. Ginny, too, was always secretive. But Ginny and Kay were inseparable all those years—from the time he discovered the little piano teacher from Fresno, California, who came to him applying for a job as girl-singer with his band. It is to be remembered that Kay at first rejected her. But he couldn't forget her sweet appealing face, her sincere personality. In six months he sent for her. From then on, it was always Ginny Simms and Kay Kyser.

A year or more ago, Ginny decided to stay in Hollywood and make pictures. For publicity, and on advice as to building her own Hollywood career, Ginny began accepting other dates. Soon she was being bearded and rushed by the young men of Hollywood. And soon it was noticeable that Ginny and Kay were no longer a romantic item. They were not seeing each other. When they did appear together on benefit programs, on command performances, they had little for each other beyond a nod of recognition.

But now—Georgia Carroll? The first girl in whom Kay has exhibited a marked interest. The first girl he has been seen dating in the many months he has devoted strictly to rushing about the country by train, plane, bus, boat, entertaining at Army camps. What about Georgia?

"It wouldn't be any hard job to fall in love with a girl like Georgia," Kay admitted to me. But his reticence to discuss romance is just as strong now as it ever was with Ginny.

"Sure I'm taking Georgia out," he continued. "But it doesn't have to mean we're in love. But," he added, "Georgia has everything to make a fellow fall in love with her.

"The first thing you notice about Georgia, that makes her so different from the other girls you meet, is not her beauty, but her appealing, modest sincerity, her complete lack of affectation and phony front, her overwhelming womanliness. A girl like that is rare in Hollywood. Hard to find anywhere!

"When I met Georgia two years ago, I said, 'There's one of the loveliest girls I've ever seen. She's unassuming. She's gentle. So womanly.'" Kay may not have realized how much he sounded like a man in love—raving over the supreme virtues of his one-and-only. But he was—just that.

"I had no idea Georgia had a voice—or could sing at all—that day in the bus going to Gardner Flying Field. You were with us, May. You remember I said 'Gosh, Georgia, I hate to have you come out and just say hello! I admit it's a treat for the boys to see you. But isn't there anything you can do?'"

Georgia thought a minute. Then she said with marked hesitance, "I can carry a tune. I sing around home for my own amusement!" She laughed. "But I'd be scared to death in front of anyone."

Kay coaxed her to sing for him. They moved into the rear seat of the bus. Georgia began singing softly to Kay.

At Gardner Field, with Kay encouraging her, promising, "No matter what you do the band will cover up for you, we won't let you down,"—Georgia sang *Dearly*



A portrait by Maria de Kammerer

At last! THE 25 HOUR DAY!

(Thanks to your "Satin-Finish" Lipstick!)

by Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

CARRYING on your regular activities, in addition to your many wartime duties, you've probably complained...with the rest of us...that 24 hours just aren't enough! That's the reason I urge you to enjoy the long-lasting smoothness of Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks.

They're a boon to the busy woman of today—possibly saving you as much as an hour's make-up time every day by lasting...and lasting...and lasting! Let your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick help you WORK your best... by giving you the assurance that you LOOK your best. For Tangee SATIN-FINISH brings your lips to life with a soft and satiny sheen...brings your lips the smooth perfection of an exquisite grooming!

And another tip: Wear the Tangee Rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the shade of Tangee Face Powder that matches your complexion!

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Lipsticks

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—Glory of woman...
LIBERTY—Glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS





They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Strong Grip

Won't Slip Out



Yes . . . Stores handling DeLong Bob Pins are receiving them regularly—but in greatly reduced quantity. If they're "fresh out" today, try a few days later. And please don't buy more than you need.

DeLong

BOB PINS

Beloved and Embraceable You. She completely stole the show. Georgia sang as though she were singing individually to each boy. And her words were taken right to their hearts.

"I kept thinking of Georgia, all the way back to Hollywood," Kay told me later. "I'd been looking for just the right girl for a long time. But when I least expected her—I found Georgia! Here's a girl, young and gloriously beautiful. A girl whose very appearance on a bandstand panics the customers. And our customers have been hard-training soldiers for the past two years. What would they like better than a lovely vision like Georgia singing to them!"

Our bus from Gardner Field returned to the N. B. C. lot, late that Sunday night. Georgia's car was there. Due to gas-rationing and "share-the-ride" plans she offered to drive me home. Just as we were leaving, Kay came running over to Georgia's side of the car.

"I'd like to see you again soon Georgia," he said. "Would you like to save next Friday night for me? That'll be the only night I'll have in town this week."

"Why, certainly," Georgia consented, the surprise in her voice registering slightly. "Why, of course, Mr. Kyser," she amended. "Please call me Kay," he said.

"All right," Georgia agreed. "But let's not go anywhere where we have to stay out late. I'm doing modeling for ads this week. I have to get lots of sleep," she explained.

"We'll have dinner at some quiet little place," Kay suggested.

"That will be nice," Georgia agreed. "I don't like night clubs."

"Neither do I," Kay said. "I haven't been inside Ciro's or Mocambo's for a year. I hardly ever go to night clubs."

"Neither do I," said Georgia. They both laughed.

"I'll call you, Georgia, as soon as I get back from San Francisco," Kay said. "Or maybe I'll call you from there," he added, looking into Georgia's large blue eyes. (Eyes that were chosen as the most beautiful in Hollywood for the Composite

American Beauty. "Drink to me only—" they are publicized in "Du Barry Was A Lady.")

"Goodness!" I thought right out loud, as we drove off. "If I'm not mistaken I think I've just witnessed the beginning of Hollywood's newest romance." I looked at Georgia. She concentrated on the road—and seemed a bit confused, a bit embarrassed. "Mr. Kyser's such a wonderful man," she said. "I feel very flattered that he should invite me to dinner."

Georgia and Kay had dinner that first time at Villa Nova, a quiet little restaurant on the Sunset Strip, where you eat on red checkered table cloths with a flickering candle lighting the table. Soft music strummed on a guitar plays from a flower-bowered patio, and the food is cooked in rare wines and garnished with amazing sauces.

"But I've never sung before! I don't think I could do it," Georgia protested, when Kay asked her if she'd like to sing with his band.

"There isn't anything you can't do, Georgia," Kay told her. "You begin singing. I'll send you to a good teacher. We'll help you in every way. You can't miss!"

So Georgia began vocalizing four to five hours a day. She made records on a recording machine at home. And Kay came over evenings—to note the progress of her voice, to make suggestions, to correct, to give her the style, the technique of a radio singer. They made records and played them back. Boof Turner, the guitar player-with Kay's band, worked with Georgia too, perfecting her technique in the Kay Kyser style. And finally Georgia was ready for her debut on the networks.

It's always a sure sign that a man's heart is involved when he tries to improve on perfection. For Kay says Georgia is perfection in every way. Still he is changing her.

"Being tall, I rather liked to wear low-heeled shoes," Georgia told me frankly. "But that was the first thing Kay made me discard. 'Wear high heels—give line, add poise and charm to your height,' he insisted."



Digging in for Victory! Between scenes of "It's A Great Life," the screen Bumstead family helps to keep 'em growing, at the Columbia Pictures' San Fernando Valley ranch.

It is well known that Ginny Simms is one of the most beautifully groomed and perfectly gowned girls in Hollywood, and that Kay helped select her clothes. Now he is doing the same for Georgia. He has asked her to discard the plain little peasant frocks she loved. He is building her into a glamorous star.

"Kay tells me to wear tailored clothes on occasion, but femininely tailored—with accessories to make them dainty and more feminine. He stresses I should wear my hair loose and soft and full, rather than up-do coiffures. And the gorgeous evening gowns he suggests—smart and simple, but wonderful lines," Georgia said. "It is grand, knowing that someone believes in you so much! I have never had anyone take such an interest in me. You simply can't let Kay down."

Georgia is five feet, seven and one half inches tall. She hails from Dallas, Texas. She is a natural blonde who modeled clothes in Dallas and then went to New York, where she became a top John Powers model. She was chosen as the most beautiful and the most photographed girl in the world. Hollywood sent for her.

"I was selected to play the rôle of *Daisy Mae* in the comic strip movie, but when I arrived in Hollywood the producer decided I was a bit lanky for the rôle," Georgia said. You can see her utter lack of pretense. Few girls, if they are tall, will refer to themselves as "lanky." But Georgia was kept busy posing for magazine covers and national advertisements. She was signed by M-G-M and Warners successively, but in bit parts in dozens of movies she never had the opportunity to speak a word. For Hollywood generally believes that models are too beautiful to be good actresses.

Perhaps Georgia is one of the few, if not the only one of the current New York models to win a chance at a big-name career in Hollywood. As the protégée of Kay Kyser, she has that opportunity.

Georgia has always been serious about her own life. She has seldom been mentioned in the gossip columns. Her little house in Coldwater Canyon—which she has bought and paid for and which she shares with her mother—is one of her chief interests.

"A doll's house," says Kay. "Georgia is very artistic. She has completely designed the interior and the furnishings. Her own needlepoint covers the chairs. I declare," he added, "Georgia hasn't changed a bit since she was a baby in appearance! she still has her wide-eyed, baby-face."

Kay might have said, as Georgia's mother did, that when Kay first called, the family album was brought out. When Kay came upon the picture of Georgia as a baby on the bear-skin rug, Georgia actually blushed!

In spite of her wide-eyed Southern beauty, Georgia is a competent girl. She has a nice little bank account to show for years of modeling. In New York one of the Powers girls told me, "Georgia is very thrifty. We always grab taxis to go to our various appointments. But Georgia, making more money than any of us, usually takes the subway." At M-G-M Georgia brings her lunch from home. So do Crawford and some of the other stars for that matter. But invariably co-workers on the set persuade Georgia to open hers—and Southern corn muffins and cold chicken are rationed out, for everyone to nibble. Subsequently someone's usually taking Georgia to lunch in the studio commissary.

Kay is one of the few Hollywood bachelors who has never capitalized on romance for publicity. He refuses to do so now. "It's not fair to the girl," he said. However, he admitted that Georgia is the only girl he is dating now.

"Of course I want to be in love and get

Wallflower

(GARDEN VARIETY)

IT WAS *your* idea . . . turning that vacant lot into a Victory Garden. It was you who pledged the gang to pitch in and plant . . . to grow precious Vittles for Victory.

And now, come weeding day, here's you . . . *wilting!* Shirking your share while the others slave.

Maybe you were too ambitious . . . when a girl should take it a little easy at times like this. Result: you're on the sidelines, with a worm's-eye-view of life. While your blonde rival nobly carries on—(just *hoping* you'll break your date with Bill for the barn dance tonight)!

Of course, *she'd* never tell you how *she* keeps so chipper, so confident, on her "days"! She'd never let you in on the secret of relaxing . . . and staying *comfortable* with Kotex sanitary napkins!

Grow a crop of confidence!

Ask the other girls and they'll tell you that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!

You're more comfortable with Kotex because it's made to stay soft while wearing . . . wonderfully different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. And none of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And with Kotex you're more *confident*. That special 4-ply safety center promises poise-insurance! There's no bulging . . . for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show, because they're not stubby.

• Yes, whether you're dressed for gardening or gaiety, your secret's secure . . . your protection is *sure*. So why *wouldn't* more girls choose Kotex than all other brands put together! And frankly, why don't you?



**Keep going in comfort
—with Kotex**



THE TEENS ARE TALKING about the free booklet "As One Girl To Another"—that helps you cope with "calendar" problems . . . puts you on the beam about grooming, activities, social contacts. Get *your* copy, quick! Mail your name and address on a post card to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-7, Chicago.

★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!





ARE YOU CAREFUL ABOUT SCALP ODOR?

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Don't take the chance that some women do. Make certain of your personal daintiness. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo will keep your hair naturally fresh and pleasant. Start the Packers habit—and you won't have to worry about a "nasal close-up".



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married—maybe soon. Who doesn't?" Kay said. "I've always had certain dreams and ideals about the girl I'm going to marry. I admit that Georgia easily fits that picture. But there's so much at hand right now. So much to do until after the war.

"I've been kidded for many years because my band plays romance, sings romance, and everyone asks why don't I find romance? Why am I a bachelor?"

"There's one reason, perhaps. I knew the love and devotion my parents had for each other. I saw how happy their marriage was. They were never separated. That's the way I want it.

"The constant traveling, worry over each performance, the rehearsals, broadcasts, recordings; the life I lead, jumping into buses, trains, constantly touring the country—is not conducive to a happy family life. I have always hoped that one day I would be able to stay put, have my own home—and stay there. Not always be on this continuous merry-go-round. When I marry I want to be with my wife, always. Just like my mother and dad.

"But now," Kay said, "I've decided I'll just meet whatever situation I find. A girl won't have to give up her career unless she wants to. But I hope hers and mine will be together—so we can be together."

As for Georgia, she confided this much, "Kay is such a wonderful gentleman. We

are both from the South. He's from North Carolina. I'm from Texas. We have many interests in common. Many people see only the funny side of Kay Kyser. But he has his serious side, one that makes me admire him so much.

"Yes," she admitted, "Kay has all of the nice qualities a girl could want in a man."

But I couldn't get Georgia to say more. It is natural that they are always together. Kay's band is on the march with a schedule of Army camps and service centers to entertain. He's just finished his new picture, "Right About Face," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Kay, who will be thirty-eight in June, was rejected by the Army for military service after a physical check-up.

"I'm sorry I didn't make it. As for the future, I intend to keep doing just what I have been doing—everything possible to help the war effort," said Kay.

Since Georgia has been going with Kay she's become an avid gin-rummy player. She and Kay spend hours playing, but she admits that Kay always wins—that is, most of the time. They have quiet little dinners with friends, dinner at Georgia's house where her mother serves Southern food. And midnight snacks after shows—where they plan big dreams. Dreams and visions of Georgia's rise to stardom with Kay.

Lamour Takes The Veil

Continued from page 26

That's where Captain William Ross Howard III entered. Movie stars are certainly no great shakes to Captain Howard. He's known oodles of them. And in a sort of way he is in the movie family, his first wife having been Louise Brooks, daughter of Mrs. Lionel Atwill, who was the first wife of General Douglas MacArthur. Taking Dorothy Lamour to the Army base was just routine to him.

When he met Dottie in the lobby of the Arrowhead Springs hotel that night he let out one of those long low whistles by which the male of the species is wont to denote the proximity of a desirable female. Except that he did it silently, Captain Howard is a gentleman.

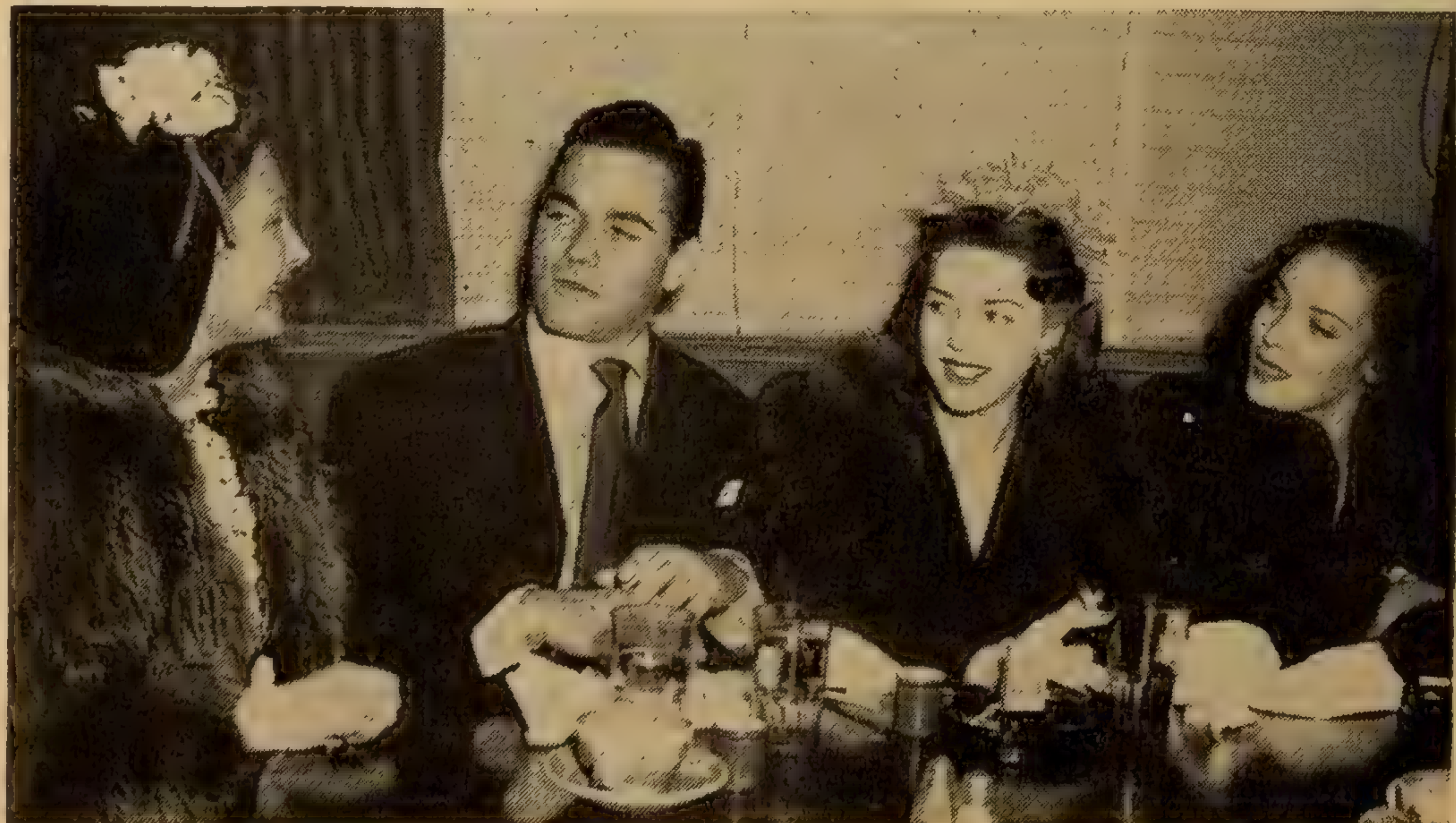
Handsome young officers with lots of gold braid are certainly no treat to Dorothy—not after all the Army camps she's vis-

ited. But when she got an eyeful of Captain Howard she did a double-take, and got all quivery and goose-pimply. "It was nice of you to drive way up here to get me," she said sweetly.

"No trouble at all," said the Captain. "I live here at the hotel. I have a bungalow."

Dorothy, who had all her bags packed to leave the following day, suddenly decided that she needed another week of sunshine, water, and rest. And who could blame her? The Captain is really something.

Dorothy's attractive mother, Mrs. Castleberry, knew that her daughter was in love, even before Dorothy knew it herself. Dorothy moved back to her Coldwater Canyon house, with her mother and stepfather, in November. And like everybody else on the West Coast she was greeted with a servant problem. So Mrs. Castleberry, who is an



Interesting group at the Brown Derby: Binnie Barnes, Alan Curtis, Nan Wynn (Rita Hayworth's screen "voice"), and Linda Darnell, recent bride of Sgt. Pev Marley.

excellent cook—she has that old New Orleans creole touch—and Mr. Castleberry, who isn't bad himself, assured Dorothy they'd do the cooking until they could find a reliable cook who didn't want to work in a defense plant. Dorothy came down to breakfast one morning and found that her stepfather had prepared her a neat little repast of oatmeal, hot cakes dripping with butter and syrup, eggs and popovers. Dorothy burst into tears. "How can you do this to me when I'm trying to reduce?" she screamed. Mrs. Castleberry came running down the stairs. "What have you done to my baby to make her cry like that?" she demanded of her startled husband. Dorothy is a calm soul, not given to tears and hysterics. When the excitement had abated, and Dorothy had left for the studio, Mrs. Castleberry settled down to think. "That isn't like Dorothy," she said. "I wonder if she's in love?"

Mrs. Castleberry got the answer to her question Christmas. "I've invited a few soldiers," Dorothy informed her casually, "to spend Christmas with us. One of them is the Captain Howard I met at Arrowhead Springs. He's awfully nice."

They exchanged autographed pictures, in pretty frames, for Christmas presents. Captain Howard asked Dottie if she would spend New Year's with him, and they made a reservation at the Mocambo.

In January the good-looking Captain was transferred to San Francisco. Where he promptly took to bed with pneumonia. Dottie spent her week-ends with him at the hospital in San Francisco, and when he was resting, she would sing and entertain the other boys in the hospital, all of them boys who had been wounded at Pearl Harbor. When he recovered from pneumonia, he was sent back to the Army Base at San Bernardino. In the meantime his mother came out from the East, and visited the Castleberrys. Dottie and her future mother-in-law got along like a house afire.

After she finished "Riding High," Paramount informed Dottie that she could have several weeks' vacation before starting her next picture, "Four Angels." Dottie gathered up her best friend, Laura Lamarr, and returned to the Arrowhead Springs hotel. She had been there only a week when at 1:30 one morning she received a long distance call from Ted Whitehead, saying that Mrs. Whitehead (the former Kathleen Cogan, who used to work in Paramount publicity, and one of Dorothy's best friends) had been rushed to the hospital and was just about to have a baby. Dorothy dashed in to town to be with her. The last thing Kathleen remembers before losing consciousness was Dottie saying, "Your baby interrupted my proposal."

When the baby was born, and her friend pronounced out of danger, Dorothy drove like crazy back to Arrowhead Springs, arriving just in time to say, "I accept," before Howard had to report at camp.

They decided to get married at once. In California you have to get your license three days before you marry (California people being so impetuous) so Dorothy phoned her mother, and Murphy McHenry of the Paramount publicity department, to meet her and Captain Howard at the license bureau. Dorothy was shaking like a leaf. When she came to the space marked "Occupation," she turned to Murphy McHenry and asked, "What's my occupation?" Well, when a movie star forgets her occupation, brother, that's love. "You're a movie actress, Dorothy," said the press agent. "Remember?"

Captain William Ross Howard III is 35, tall, brown and handsome. Before the war he was a Virginia lumberman, and a former Maryland state legislator. He's as intelligent as he is handsome. And Dorothy is a lucky girl.



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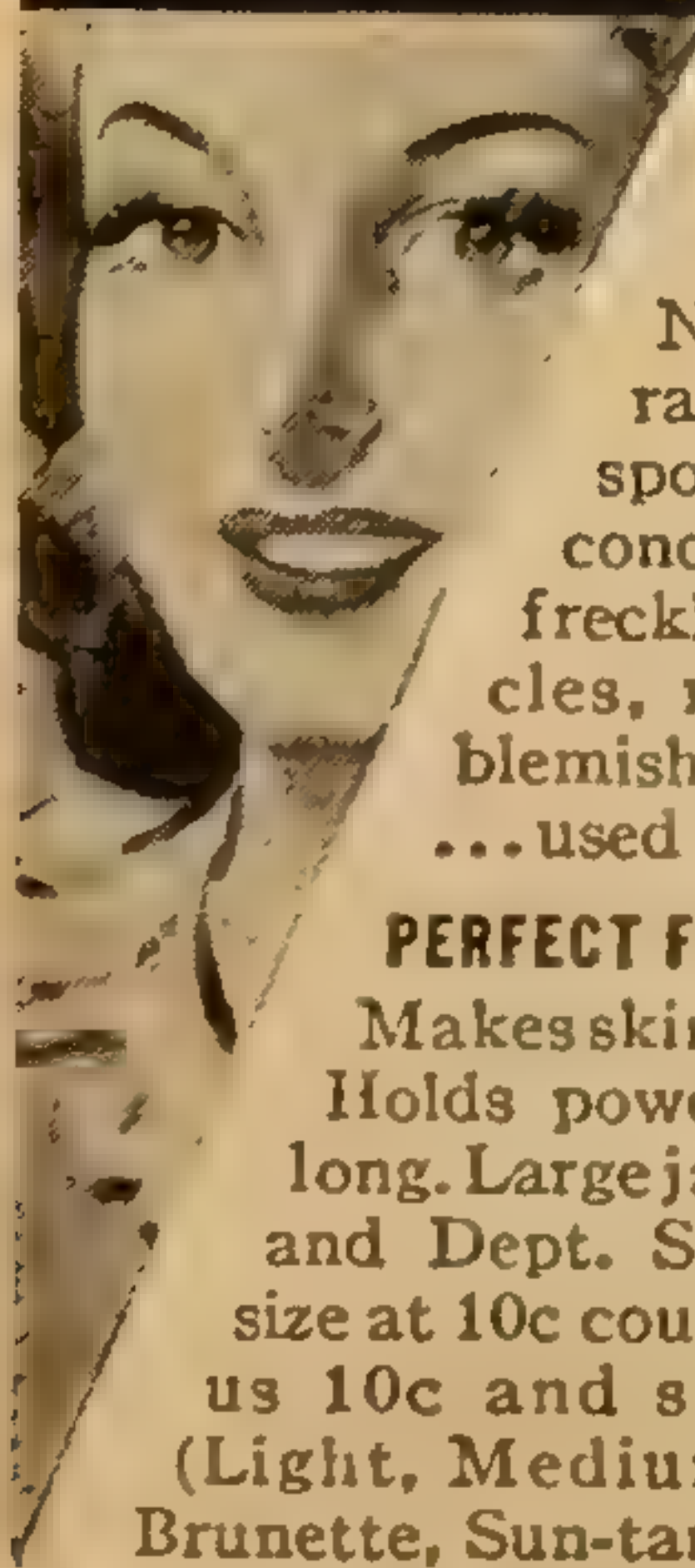
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New screen shocker, "Five Graves to Cairo," shows Eric von Stroheim in the rôle of a Nazi officer, and Anne Baxter as his victim. Fictionization of this thrilling Paramount picture will appear in an early issue.

When Dorothy signed her name Dorothy Kaumeyer on the license, there was much speculation about her real name. Her real name is Mary Leta Dorothy Lambour. She was born in New Orleans on December 10, 1914. She married Herbie Kay, whose real name was Kaumeyer, seven years ago. She was an elevator girl at Marshall Field's in Chicago, and Herbie Kay gave her a chance to sing on amateur night with his band which was playing one of the hotels there. She divorced him about four years ago.

Well, Captain Howard, a man who doesn't care for fuss, suggested that they elope to Las Vegas and get married quietly. But Dottie is a very sentimental, romantic person, and she had set her heart on a beautiful home wedding, with the wedding march, flowers, and chaplain. So the week after they got their license the Captain got a day's leave, and they were married at Dorothy's Cold Water Canyon home in Beverly Hills. There were about twenty-five people at the wedding. Dorothy's family and closest friends, and the Captain's best friends from the Army Base. There were no movie stars at the wedding. Laura Lamarr was Dorothy's maid of honor and only attendant. Captain Howard's best man was his brother-in-law, Lieutenant John C. Bogan, U.S.N. It was a double-ring ceremony with the bridal couple exchanging plain gold bands.

Dorothy's wedding dress, designed by Edith Head, Paramount designer, was of hyacinth blue crepe with a short skirt. Tiny flowers of the same material outlined the yoke of the blouse. She wore a pompadour hat, designed by Annabelle, made entirely of flowers. Blue veiling held her hair snood fashion, and she carried a small pompom bouquet of white lilacs, bovardia, orange blossoms and blue hyacinths.

Dorothy had intended wearing a big picture hat. But she discovered that if there is one thing her new husband can't stand it's big picture hats. And she's got a closet full of them! The wedding cake was surrounded by gardenias, with two

cupids on top holding gardenias. Captain Howard loves gardenias. Before she met him Dottie always wore an orchid in her hair when she dressed up of an evening. But when the Captain started sending her gardenias, Dorothy quickly switched to gardenias.

A few days before she married, Matty Malneck, whose orchestra is now appearing at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles, called Dottie over the phone and asked her if he could play at her wedding. Dottie had sung with his orchestra once before she and sarongs got together. Dorothy asked Matty to play two selections: the Lohengrin wedding march, and, when she cut the cake, *Maryland, My Maryland*, in honor of the Captain's home state.

Following the quiet home wedding, the couple held a reception in the Officers' Club at the Beverly Hills hotel. Here Dorothy greeted about 250 of her friends, including hairdressers, stand-ins (it was her stand-in, Erlene Heath, who caught the bride's bouquet), friends from publicity, make-up, wardrobe, property, newspapers, magazines—and of course, stars, directors, and producers. There is no snobbery about Miss Dorothy. This was probably the most democratic wedding reception ever held in Hollywood.

High-spots of the wedding reception: Bob Hope broke down and confessed that it was he who had sent the wire to Captain Howard which read, "Before you do anything check with me," and signed Herbie Kay's name to it. Marlene Dietrich looked the most beautiful and glamorous. Carole Landis, Joan Blondell and Flight Lieutenant Storkie Dahl, an authority on Gremlins, got together for a "Short Snorters" meeting, all of them having flown an ocean. Mr. Castleberry, Dottie's stepfather, rushed in to report that the cat had just had kittens on the front seat of Dorothy's car. "You'll have as many children as the cat had kittens," exclaimed Reggie Gardiner, "it's an old superstition." There were four kittens. Dottie said she didn't mind.

Right Face For Your Summer

Continued from page 55

make-up is such an important part of looking your best that it calls for special consideration.

Fashions in faces are going to be pink-and-whiter this season simply because more of us are not going to be able to get out in the sun as much as usual. However, working in your Victory garden is such an excellent opportunity for getting sun-soaked, that perhaps more of us are going to be tan than we might at first suppose! But if you do not intend to tan, be sure to use a face powder which is on the pink side, because this color gives your skin radiance and warmth.

If you go in for dark powder just for fun or because you like the effect of it on your skin be sure to use a foundation cream under it. Otherwise dark powder has a tendency to streak. We believe that a foundation cream should *always* be worn no matter what your make-up, but you can get along without it under a light powder better than you can under a dark one.

In order to have the fresh, live look everybody wants today, choose as your new lipstick one of those with a faint blue tone. It is an old idea that the true, clear red gives the most natural look. You will find that most of the new lipstick colors this year are on the soft blue-red cast. However, should you be one of the girls with red-brown eyes and hair, play up your coloring with a tawny lipstick. You will look different and original and interesting. Be yourself!

Suppose you decide at the beginning of summer that you do not want to tan at all,

but instead intend to cultivate a becoming pallor. Then by all means use a good sun screen lotion as your powder base. This will help prevent your skin from darkening. Also use a lemon cream at night or one of the good bleach creams.



Remember Madge Evans? She's a stage star now, appearing in "The Patriots," written by her husband, Sgt. Sidney Kingsley, pictured with her at the Stork Club.

This is the time of year that girls inclined to freckle, begin hunting eagerly for something to prevent these little brown dots. We always have wondered why, for a freckle or two can be very pretty and most becoming. The truth is that most skins inclined to freckle will do so no matter how you coax them. It is possible, however, to keep them light and help them fade more quickly by carefully protecting your skin when it is exposed to the sun and by using a light bleach at night.

Another annoying personal problem is the tendency of certain types of skin to peel after exposure to the sun. Here prevention is worlds better than cure. If your skin is the kind which peels easily, use more sun-burn preventive and apply it more often. Use it carefully over all exposed parts of the body. We may not be like the old Indian who said he was "all face," but much more of us is going to be exposed to the weather in the next three months than for the rest of the year. On your face for regular make-up use one of the sun screen lotions as your powder foundation.

And now just a word about sun on your hair. A little sun is a fine hair tonic, too much is ruinous. If you bathe in salt water be sure to rinse your hair in fresh water afterward, for salt has a harsh effect on hair. If you spend a good deal of time bare-headed in the sun spread a fine film of one of the liquid or cream brillantines on the palms of your hands and smooth them over your hair. This will act as a protection and will help prevent your hair becoming dry and stringy.



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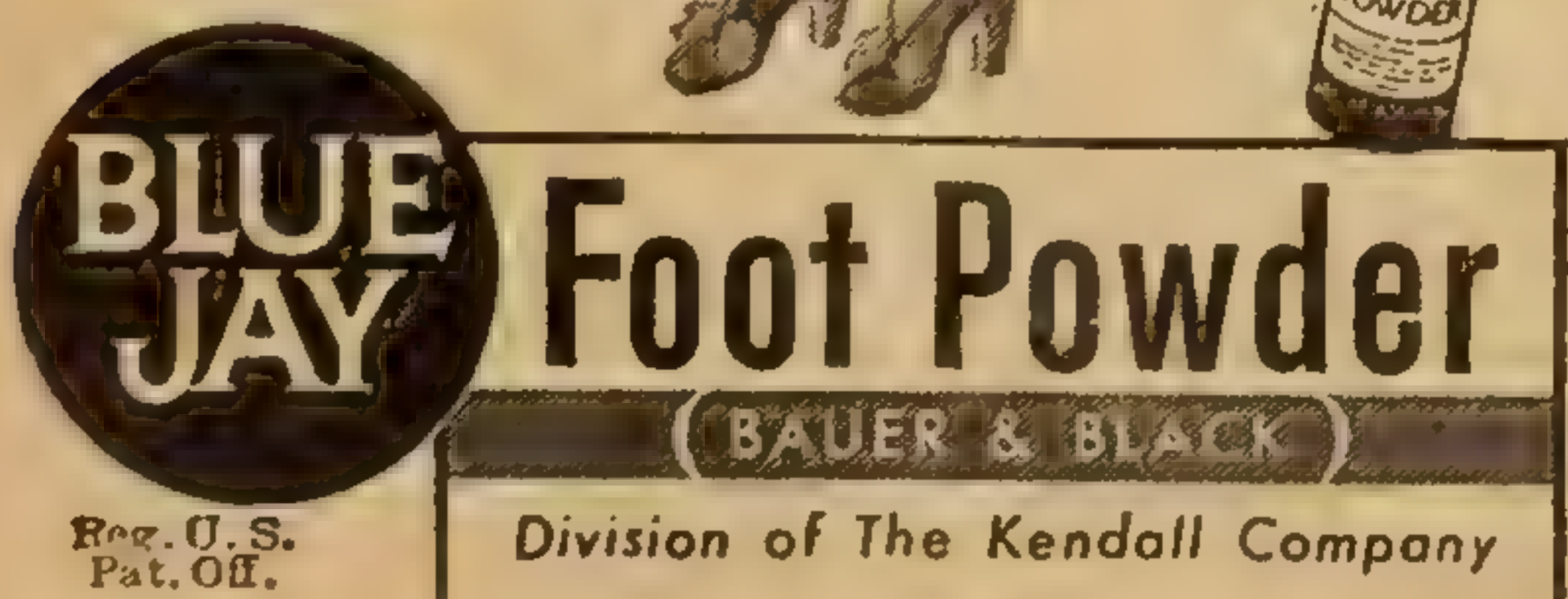
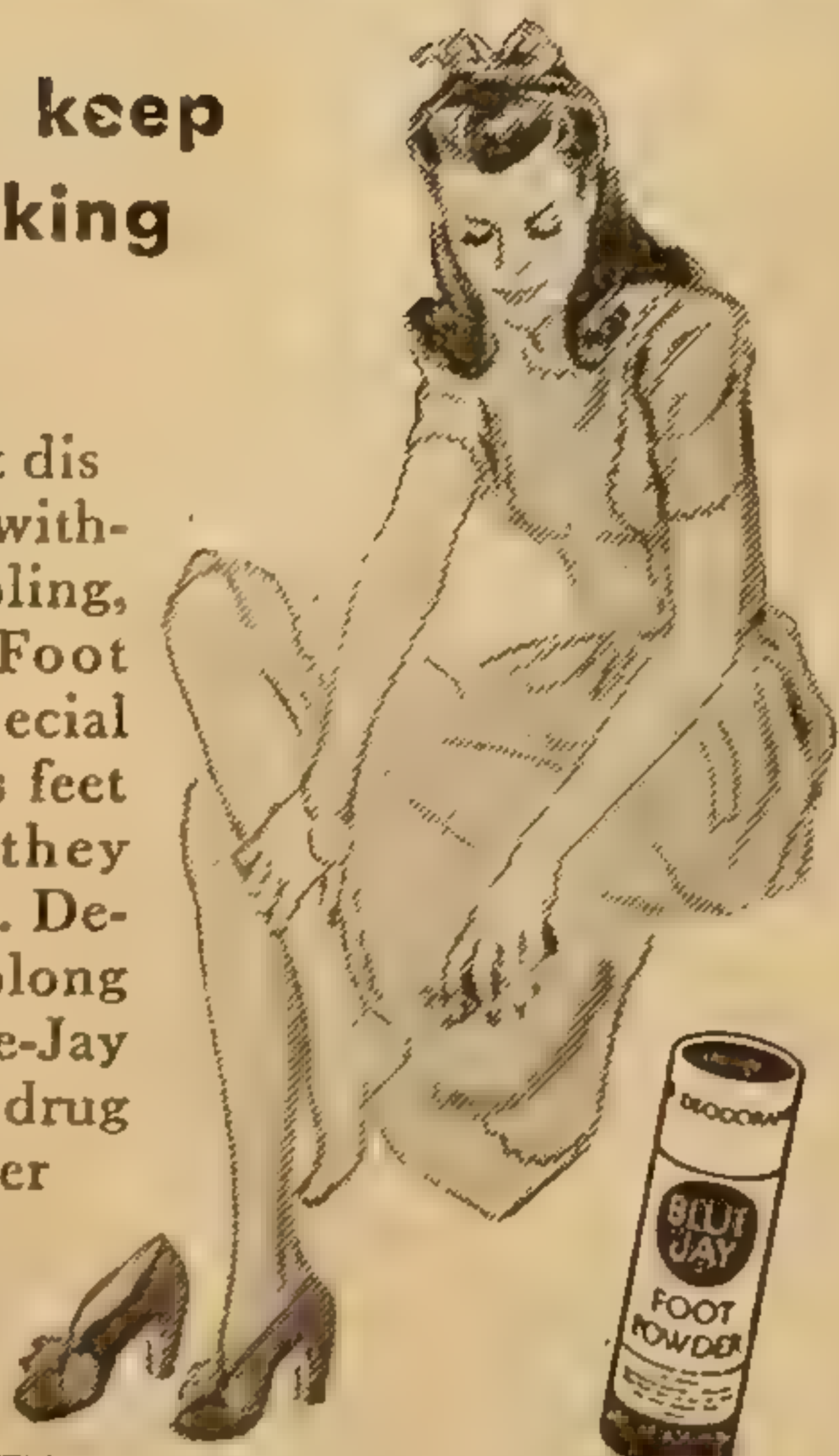
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Why Abbott Quit Pictures for Costello

Continued from page 29

will try to talk to you. The radio heads are flying out from New York. They can't out-talk *me*. Don't let them play on your sympathies."

Lou winked at Bud. He was happy in the knowledge of his partner's absolute loyalty to him. "He seemed content," Bud said.

"We won't let anything lick us, Lou," Bud added. "It's been a long time since you were doing that single in a Chinese restaurant and I was producing at Minsky's. Seven years!"

The nurse entered the room. "Sorry, Mr. Abbott—but the doctor said you were to stay only ten minutes. You'll have to go now!"

"Listen to her trying to chase me out of here," Bud replied. "A fine how-do-you-do! Here's Lou sleeping all day and all night, and you getting rid of his one visitor."

"Say, Lou—did you know that leghorn you sent over hatched twelve chicks? How you gonna top that?"

"Now look here, nurse. Lou doesn't want me to go—and the Doc isn't here to know. Tell her you don't want me thrown out, Lou," Bud continued the same old routine—never for a second letting Lou know how worried he really was.

"Say, you didn't read this, did you, Lou?" Bud went on, completely disregarding the harassed young nurse. "It's from a Marine, by the name of Dick Stebbins, Guadalcanal. He writes: 'Thought you'd like to know that for five successive days we ate "Abbott and Costello" stew on Guadalcanal. During landing operations a shipment of canned goods fell into the surf. The labels were washed off. The mess Sarge couldn't identify them. For five days he guessed wrong. They were all corn. So we named our chow after Hollywood's foremost practitioners of corn—Abbott and Costello.'"

I stopped by at Lou's house—the "5-C" ranch in the valley, just two miles from Bud's—on my way to see the latter. Lou was not permitted visitors. But attractive dark-eyed Anne Costello said her husband was improving. "The doctor has discontinued the sulfa treatments. Which means Lou is on the road to recovery," she said. "Lou has a loud-speaker system connected with his room. He's hearing our conversation now, as well as everything else that goes on outside his bedroom door."

"The children, Patricia Anne and Carole Lou, go in to see him every day. Lou, Jr., the baby too, of course. But Bud has been his real salvation. Not for one second has Bud let Lou feel that this was the end. They tell gags. Bud's attitude has made Lou actually cocky about his soon being out and active again. Every day he keeps saying, 'I've got to get out of this bed and get going!'"

There were three days when no one knew exactly what had stricken Lou. The doctor's diagnosis was rheumatic fever. Consulting doctors finally agreed. In the interim all those dreadful rumors spread.

"After the doctor had made his examination," Anne went on, "Lou called me back into the room. 'Is it really bad, Anne? Is there anything the doctor told you that he didn't tell me?'"

"Lou believes in Bud implicitly. When Bud told him he would walk and be all right again, that he was going to lay off and have a vacation right along with him, Lou knew that meant he'd get well. That he hadn't been stricken with a permanent affliction."

Anne had much to do. With two small

children and the baby, she was preparing dinner for Lou. I continued on to Bud's ranch, the "Hi-Neighbor."

Bud was out with his chickens. Not only chickens but pens of rabbits and turkeys. Betty Abbott was helping him mark the sitting eggs for the hens so they wouldn't be gathered by mistake.

The sun was hot. We retired with the three Abbott dogs, a Great Dane and two fox terriers, into the playhouse—just off the swimming-pool. Tourists have mistaken it for a road house. Betty laughingly tells of one couple who drove up, walked in to the bar and ordered drinks. Bud was so flabbergasted he supposed they were friends he'd met somewhere. He served them. They paid him and left a quarter tip.

Large oil paintings of Bud and Lou in western cowboy attire are on either side of the mirror behind the bar. One wall holds a glass case filled with 101 badges: police, mayor, deputy sheriff, and even fire department. They were presented on the bond tour Bud and Lou made last year. The team played ninety towns and sold \$78,000,000 in War Bonds.

"Lou has a similar collection at his house," Bud said. "It is always Lou's idea and a gag between us, to top me. No matter what I do, he always tops me. It was quite a race to see who was presented what—when we reached each town. If I got there first I would receive the mayor's or sheriff's badge first. If Lou did, I would end up as a fireman."

"When I bought my wife a topaz ring and Lou saw it, he said, 'I'll top that.' He went out and bought Anne one five times as big. When I built this rumpus room, Lou came over and saw it. He built one twice as big."

"The topper was when we adopted Bud, Jr., last August. Lou was an expecting papa. He was in a dither. He had two girls



Girls! Give a look at Cornel Wilde, Sonja Henie's latest leading man, in "Winter Time."

and here I had a son. When his came in November he called me in high glee, to say, 'I've topped you, Bud! It's Lou, Jr.' 'Now we have the junior team of Abbott and Costello. My son is just three and one-half years older than Lou's—the same age difference exactly as mine and Lou's.

"Lou and I have never had a contract nor any written papers," Bud went on. "Just a gentleman's agreement to split fifty-fifty."

"I was producing shows for Minsky in New York, seven years back. I starred Ann Corio, Gypsy Rose Lee, many of the big name queens. Betty, my wife, was the sou-brette and a big name in burlesque and in my show. I had the whole family working for me. My sister Babe Abbott was in the chorus. My brother Harry was billed 'Silk Hat Harry.' I wanted a good comedian to team with me. I met Bud. He was a husky young athlete. He could stand the gaff. So we teamed up for a show I called 'The Bandwagon.'

"There are plenty of actors who could make the grade out here in pictures—if they'd just keep on working wherever opportunity presented itself, and forget about the money part of it," he said. Betty Abbott and Harry, who had joined us, nodded agreement.

"Lou and I played five and ten dollar dates for a small time booking agent for a long time. And that was just six years ago. I'll always remember Willow Grove, an amusement park in Pennsylvania. Lou and I got twenty bucks for five shows that day. We spent ten paying our train fare and we took Betty along. She got tired of watching us. So she went over to the concessions. She came back with eight kewpie dolls. We had to give our agent his ten percent, and Betty had spent four dollars winning dolls. We ate up the other four at the park—and broke even."

"Yes," laughed Betty. "I remember you said, 'Betty, you can't eat dolls.' We gave them away to all of our friends when we reached home."

"We never turned down a date or a chance to appear before the public and do a show," Bud continued. "Lou and I always had our eyes on Hollywood. We knew if we kept plugging something would happen."

"Lou was crazy about Charlie Chaplin. He doesn't come from show people. Mine were circus people and in show business from way back. When Lou was twelve he made his first public appearance in a contest doing an imitation of Charlie Chaplin. He won first prize. That was his start. Lou used to go to a dime movie and sit all day watching Chaplin pictures. He still will."

"We were called the 'loco boys' because we firmly believed that slap-stick comedy could be rejuvenated. Hollywood had long pronounced it hopelessly passé years ago. But people are always hungry for laughs. 'Lou and I began our act. We'd do five acts a day for ten or twenty dollars. We're doing the same act now—at better pay!'"

Lou and Bud—Lou with the guileless face, Bud with the loaded dice in his pocket—laughed themselves right out of burlesque into the "Streets of Paris" show on Broadway. At the same time they were on the Kate Smith broadcast. At midnight they did a show at the Versailles (night club). It was then Hollywood sent for them.

Universal and M-G-M were the highest bidders. The boys chose Universal. No one expected them to be box office wonder boys. Their first film, "Buck Privates," was on the quickie type. But it was a sensation. They were immediately starred in "In the Navy," of which Variety reported 27 hold-overs out of 35 openings! Universal tore up their contracts and made out a new one with a salary increase and percentage on their pictures.

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"Buck Privates" was seized with a fit of laughing. She had to be taken home in a police ambulance. The next day she returned to finish the picture. The theater manager reported the incident to Bud and Lou. They named her their No. 1 Fan and sent her a compact thus inscribed.

It is not generally known, since neither Bud nor Lou say much about it, that their ranches are respective havens for their old friends of burlesque days. They have obtained picture work for many of their former buddies. They were especially elated at having sold M-G-M the idea of signing up Murray Leonard, a burlesque straight man in New York, for ten weeks in "Harem Scarem," the picture that was ready for the cameras when Lou was stricken.

"Murray'd be getting more money than he'd ever made in his life," Bud said. "Our costumes were ready. Shooting was to start on Monday. But we'll make the picture yet."

"Lou celebrated his 35th birthday the third week he was in bed," Bud recalled. "Heck of a way to spend your birthday," I kidded him. You know Lou and I have never had a quarrel in our lives. The way we talk to each other, some folks would swear we were fighting. Especially when we get into one of our heated sessions of gin-rummy. But that's just our way—always the gag-routine.

"'C'mon and get up,' I'll say to Lou. 'Hey, Nurse! Lou wants to get up.' The nurse will look alarmed. 'Look, Mr. Abbott, really—please! Will you be nice and quiet and get out?' she'll say."

"If Lou says I have to go I will," I'll tell her. Lou'll grin and say, 'I've nothing to say about it!'"

"But Lou pulls some corks. Milton Feld, the executive producer from Universal, was admitted to see Lou for five minutes. Lou had just been handed a glass of grapefruit juice. He took one sip and sat it down. With a wink Lou said, 'This is the way we make pictures at M-G-M.' He was ribbing the rush at Universal."

"Lou likes to go shopping for his wife. He'll buy her dresses and undies and I give him a terrific ribbing. He has better taste than most women in choosing Anne's clothes, at that."

"But Lou can't cook. So help him, he can't. I can. That really gets Lou down. He can't come up for a topper on my spaghetti and meat balls. He's tried. For a while he tried specializing on liver and onions. Lou has finally concluded he has 'style'—and I can take the 'chef' honors."

In the first three weeks of Lou's illness he received over 7000 cards and letters from all parts of the country, wishing him a speedy recovery.

"Not one of them alike," Lou said. They varied from printed greeting cards to home-made ones. One from a school at Decatur, Illinois, informed, "The entire school is praying for your recovery, Lou."

So must many of the millions of theater fans who have set Lou and Bud up as the comedy kings of motion pictures. You mention that elegant title to Bud and Lou—and they'll say "of corn!—don't you mean!"

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Jean Arthur As I Know Her

Continued from page 31

extent that most people forget she's there at all. That's because she never tries to impress anybody. She never puts on a lot of airs or makes dramatic entrances. Nothing annoys her more than to see anyone trying to be the center of attraction. With all this, however, she is no wall-flower. Instead, she is a vital personality and an intelligent one.

Jean doesn't care a hoot about being glamorous. She wears simple but smart clothes and she isn't smitten with a yen for a new hair-do every five minutes as some of our lovelies are. You could almost say that Jean doesn't act or look like a screen star. In fact, you *could* say it. She's more the kind of a person you'd meet next door in any town.

Despite her dislike of an overdose of society, she is a very gracious hostess. She lives quietly in Bel-Air. The guests at Jean's house are surprised that she and Frank Ross, her husband, don't go into long orgies of discussion about pictures. "After all," some say, "he produces some of her pictures. They must talk and get into arguments about work." I asked Jean one day how she and Frank avoided this natural impulse to discuss each other's work. She said, "After six in the evening, we close shop. And it stays closed until the next day at the studio."

You've probably heard that one before. But in this case, there is no press agent breathing down somebody's neck. It's the McCoy. She believes he's a good producer. He thinks she's a good actress. And they go on from there.

Working with Jean in "A Lady Takes A Chance," which Frank produced, has been a real experience for me. This is the first time I was ever in a comedy. (There are those who won't agree!) If it hadn't been for Jean, I might not have made it. She is an amazing person to work with. No matter how I read my lines, she always suited hers to match my tempo—which is, at times, eccentric to say the least. I have never met any actress who has such perfect timing. That's probably why her every "take" is so good and why little things she does—unconsciously—suggest good business for a scene.

Jean is a retake artist. She never does the same scene twice in the same way. She makes each new shot a refreshing and better one than the last. To say that she keeps her cast on the jump is putting it mildly. William Seiter, our director, was also impressed with her work, but I didn't think so at first. Several times after Jean had done a perfect take, he would make her shoot it over again. One day I asked him why he did this. He replied, "Jean may do something new that will be even better and I want to see what it will be."

She nearly threw me on the first day, though. I was a little surprised when I saw her jumping up and down and yelling just before we did our first scene. I looked at her strangely. She smiled and said, "Oh, I'm just relaxing." Since then, I have found that this gymnastic exercise is part of Jean Arthur at work. It's a lot better than watching some stars come out of their dressing room, stare blankly about, approach the camera, and say, "Sh, I'm getting in the mood."

There's probably not a more considerate actress in Hollywood than Jean Arthur. Some mistake this for aloofness and reserve. I thought so too, at first. After we had finished our first scene, she walked to her dressing room and closed the door. While I was wondering what gave with her, her maid came to me and said, "Miss

Arthur wants to know if you'd come to her dressing room." I went in and found Jean pouting and pacing up and down. When she saw me, she smiled and said, "I hope you won't think I'm annoying, but would you mind telling me what I'm doing wrong in our scene? It's worrying me terribly." I told her I thought she was swell—and I also said I couldn't understand why an actress of her stature wanted advice from some actor. You see, I couldn't help comparing her to those charming creatures of the silver sheet who are always telling someone else how to do a scene but who refuse to take well-meant advice from anyone.

Another time, I heard Jean whispering to a man on the set, "Do you think Duke would mind coming to my dressing room to go over a scene with me?" (Duke is a name I go under most places in town). I did go over the scene with her and was glad of the chance. But it all stumped me. Why did she feel so humble? Why didn't she come right out and ask me to work with her? I asked a friend of hers about this. "Oh, she's afraid of offending you," he said. "You see, she doesn't want to interfere."

Jean is also very sensitive of the opinions of others. During one scene, I noticed her watching Paul Fix, our dialogue director. He wasn't reacting much. Afterwards, she went over to him and asked, "What's the matter, Paul? Wasn't it good?" He said it was all right. "Tell me—what is wrong? I want to know." Finally, he told her what he thought. She listened to his every word. Not once did she argue and say he was wrong—that "she felt it differently." That tired old line! When I talked to him later, he said, "Jean acts like that much of the time. She wants to get someone else's viewpoint. And she has to have reactions to what she does. Why, she's gotten so low at times that I've had to go in and give her a pep talk and tell her how good she is. As if anyone had to remind her that she is a good actress. She's the only one who isn't aware of that. But maybe that's why she's a real artist. She has genuine humility."

That seems the secret of Jean Arthur—she suggests a star complex but she doesn't have it. She never tries to steal a scene. She's too honest for that. She won't even suggest a good piece of business she may have thought up to the director or to another star. Instead, she'll discuss it with someone comparatively unimportant. The reason? She doesn't think she should interfere.

I think that Jean has an inferiority complex. Why, only she knows. Some have said it's because she has the idea that she must work harder because she doesn't believe she's as attractive as some stars. That is as hard to catch on to as her complex is, for she is certainly one of the town's most attractive personalities. Strangely enough, especially if she feels this way, she never worries if her profile isn't hitting the camera correctly or if there's a third of an inch shadow under her left eye. She just thinks of her acting.

Jean isn't all serious, although she is more so now than she was when I first met her. She does kid around a lot and she does enjoy a joke. Bill Seiter and a couple of his henchmen were always going into patter reminiscent of a minstrel show before some takes. And no one laughed harder than Jean. So don't get the idea that she's a walking mass of weighty problems and nerves. Far from it!

Jean has been criticized for closing her set to visitors. Hollywood has tagged her for that for some time. Made her out to be a high-hat. But there's a good reason for this. While she's working to get a scene right, she doesn't want an audience around watching her. Producers don't allow anyone in a theater until the final dress rehearsal. And you can imagine a business man tolerating a group of people coming into his office while he's busy, sitting down, and watching him? When a scene is set, Jean doesn't mind an audience at all.

Incidentally—and unlike some stars I know—service men are always welcome on her set regardless of how tough a scene may be. There were as many as forty service men on our set several days in a row. Usually, when they were there, Jean didn't go into her dressing room. She went over and talked to the boys for a long time.

There's another story about Jean and service men that has never been told in Hollywood. One night when we were in Palmdale, a small town out of Los Angeles, on location, Jean was sitting in a little café with her wardrobe girl, Mary Tate. In walked a couple of Air Corps cadets. Not being wise to the Arthur legends, they asked her to dance with them. Jean was on her feet in a minute. The only music was a juke box, but she really gave the fellow a good time. As the evening progressed, twenty more cadets came in. Jean spent all evening dancing with the fellows. If someone from Hollywood had come in and seen Jean, the cadets, and the juke box, he would have gone away shaking his head and saying, "It's not true. It's a mirage."

Jean isn't only considerate of the service men. She is also considerate of her fellow players. One night, I knew she had to leave

the studio at six at the latest to fulfill an important engagement. It was about five-thirty when we started what should have been an easy and short scene. One of the actors, obviously nervous and tired, kept blowing up in his lines. We went over and over it—and still he blew. It was six o'clock and the scene was as bad as ever. Calmly, Jean suggested that the company take a rest. Everyone was surprised, for they thought she'd simply walk off the set. She went over to her phonograph—which is always on the set—and played some records. Then, even though she knew she would never make her appointment on time, she asked to do the scene over again. The actor, relaxed—and grateful—got through the scene perfectly. And when he was finished, she went over to him and said, "Good piece of work."

Jean is gracious to her company in another way. She usually plays her phonograph before a scene to get herself in the mood and also for entertainment. But she doesn't keep the machine to herself. She has put on a loud speaker so that the whole company can enjoy the music. She is always asking the rest of the cast and the extras what kind of music they like. Invariably, she'll turn up the next day with the requested records. If she doesn't happen to have them, she'll buy them.

Mary Tate, Jean's wardrobe girl, is a good example of what can happen to a person when she gets to know Jean Arthur. Mary used to be Carole Landis' wardrobe girl. So when she was told she was to help Jean Arthur, she was thoroughly disgusted. She was sure she would never get along with Jean—from what she had heard. Well, the first day, Jean found out that Mary liked flowers. Ever since Jean has brought Mary a bouquet of flowers daily from her pet flower garden. (Jean

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Jean Arthur, who plays a young Washington war worker in "The More the Merrier," the comedy in which she co-stars with Joel McCrea, poses in a bewitching black nightgown.

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has since gone in for Victory gardens in a big way.) Mary Tate is today Arthur's biggest booster.

Besides gardening, animals are Jean's next love. She has four dogs at home. Her chief concern during production on "The Lady Takes A Chance" was a canary that was used in the picture. Every morning, Jean would meet the woman who owned the canary. The woman came to the studio on a bus. This worried Jean, so she would take the bird to her dressing room right away to be sure that it was all right and that it had enough water and feed. Its owner just stood by and watched. When Bill Seiter wanted to use the canary, he had to go to Miss Arthur's dressing room to get it.

I only saw Jean balk once at an animal. We were going to do a scene in a hay loft one day. As we were climbing up the ladder, Jean was met by a black panther that had escaped from "The Leopard Man" set next to us and was enjoying a nap. I have never seen anyone move faster than Jean did. Panthers are not among her pet animals.

There isn't much to say about Jean's likes or dislikes. She's fond of music, gardening, and books, especially. Her main dislike is to be interviewed. She just refuses interviews—but not for the reason you usually hear. She honestly believes she has nothing worthwhile to say to a writer—she is sure she is bad copy. And that is the one explanation.

There's one other thing I want to get straightened out about Jean. She is not unhappy or critical of Hollywood. Neither is she a screen star who looks toward Broadway, sighs, and says, "The theater!" with appropriate emphasis. "Why should I yearn for the stage?" she asks. "When I was on Broadway the last time, I was so scared every night before I went on that I shook all over. No sir, the stage has its place and the screen has its place. I know where I belong."

I don't expect all this to change some ideas about her in Hollywood. But this is as I know her. And to me, she's not only a fine person but she is the easiest person in Hollywood to work with. With Jean, you never have to worry. She does all the work.

Me and Men

Continued from page 37

a chain of gold with a miniature box in which to keep my vitamins, attached. With it he sends a card. On the card he writes: "Love—Devotedly, Jean Pierre." Women, it is said, should be a little of the maternal with men. Men, I think, should have a little of the paternal with women. In young men like Pierre, it is especially charming. Or when we are with people he will look at me and say, "I am really the luckiest man in the world, I think she likes me—or maybe she is only teasing me." He has that blend of gaiety with the something—perhaps serious that is enchanting.

I want a man to be, not violently jealous of me, but a little jealous. It is not necessary for a woman to be sultry, to have a man be jealous of her. I am much more sweet than I am sultry. Most women do not know this. They think I am exotic. But it is better business to appear sultry, so I pretend that I am sultry.

So now, I am speaking about jealousy. When a man is a little jealous, it always amuses me for I never bother with anyone in whom I am not emotionally interested, and their hearts should tell them this. For it is the heart which tells us finally, *I am in love!* And then all others are shadows to us.

I have lived in Latin-America, in Europe, in New York and in Hollywood. Often I have thought—this is the place where I shall fall in love. When I have met attractive and charming men I have asked myself, "Is HE the one?" But always my heart had said no.

That is why the 11th day of February is so important. I was in New York on a personal appearance trip, and when I awakened that morning I knew that something important was going to happen to me. I had a feeling of excitement, of suspense that was almost unbearable.

Usually it takes me a half hour to dress, but this day it took me two hours. I could not decide how to fix my hair, or what dress to wear, or what hat. It was funny, really, to be so undecided suddenly, for during the day there was not a personal appointment. Everyone I was to see was regarding the tour and the opening of "Arabian Nights." And yet I knew that this day something exciting was to happen.

At "21," we were to meet an interviewer, and when the luncheon was over there were other engagements, till late that night. Just before the interview was over Jean Pierre came down from the party of which he was a member, upstairs. He was looking for a match. There were thousands of matches in the room upstairs, but he came down to light his cigarette. We had met casually in Hollywood, but we had scarcely spoken a dozen words to each other.

But this time it was different. *I knew the minute I saw his face!* I looked into his eyes and knew immediately. He asked me where I was stopping and if he might call. When I returned late in the afternoon he had called three times. While I was dressing for the evening engagement, he phoned again and asked if we could dine together, if later we might not go dancing, and when the last personal appearance was over we went out together for the first time.

We danced one dance, just one. The orchestra was playing *Night and Day*, but that is not our tune. Our tune is *All the Things You Are*. Later he said, you must never dance this number with anyone else, and since then I have not.

After that one dance that night we talked until the restaurant closed. He told me that he knew something different and exciting would happen when he left the party at noon looking for a match to light his cigarette.

When he took me back to my hotel he asked, "May I call you in the morning?" and we laughed because it was five o'clock then, and I said "Yes, I will wait until you call."

At eleven o'clock a box of red roses came with his card "Jean Pierre."

At eleven thirty he phoned and asked if we could lunch together. In the days that followed we went often to La Vie Parisienne, a charming restaurant where Jean Pierre knew a waiter who had always waited on him in his favorite Paris restaurant. This waiter always took care of us when we went there. He wanted us to have the best food and the best wine. He fluttered over us like a hen. It was so care-free, and so romantic.

Jean Pierre remembers all the romantic, little things. We would be apart two hours

and he would send me telegrams, he would cut my picture out of the paper to show me. He gives me books of poetry, with lines he likes underlined. I keep those books on my bed-table and take one with me if I go away from home.

Before I fell in love I went out often with many different men. I do not like to be alone. I like gaiety. I like to see my friends often, and meet new people. It is so stimulating.

One of my best friends is Colin Leitch, an R. A. F. flyer, half Chilean, half Scotch. To me he is just like *Don Quixote*. He is one of the nicest, kindest persons I have ever known—and I am sure that one day he will have the same wonderful experience of falling in love with the right person.

The Saturday after I returned from New York Jean Pierre asked me for lunch at Romanoffs in Beverly Hills. He said that we had one very important stop to make first. "I want you to look at something here," he told me when we stopped before a jewelry shop.

He had selected several rings from which I was to make a choice. All of them were very handsome, but when I chose a slim band with a single diamond Jean Pierre said, "No! That is not for you. I want you to have the most beautiful ring in the world," and he slipped on my finger a heavy gold band set with a huge emerald and diamonds. It IS the most beautiful ring I have ever seen and I have never taken it off.

Now I have a problem, for soon I start in "Cobra Woman" for Universal, and I will not be able to wear the ring. It is too big to tape over so the camera will not see it. I have not yet decided what to do.

Each day now it seems that I am the luckiest girl in the world. We are very

much in love, and that is the greatest good luck that can happen to anyone.

I used to wonder if it would ever happen to me again. Every girl wonders what the man she will fall in love with will be like. In her imagination he is many different men, taking on the qualities which most appeal to her. And each time she meets a man strange to her she flirts, perhaps, a little bit. It is natural that it should be so, for there is something of the coquette in every woman.

Before I was engaged I was often accused of being a flirt. But that is not true, really. I have had many crushes, been enthused over and intrigued by many different men. But I do not fall in love easily. That is what makes it so wonderful now. To have it happen so unexpectedly, to have time to make a few plans.

Jean Pierre is making a new picture, "A Thousand Shall Fall," at Metro, while I am finishing "Cobra Woman." When he finishes the film he rejoins the Fighting French Army. He was, you know, in the French Army before the fall of France. He has won the Croix de Guerre, and I am very proud that he will go back and fight for his country.

When he has gone I shall stay in Hollywood. It will be good to be busy—to have work that must be done. The studio has given me a star dressing room. I shall have to work very hard, because being in pictures, successfully, is not easy.

It is a hundred times more difficult when you want success not only for yourself, but because you want the man you love to know you are doing the very best to make him proud of you. Because you want him to believe in you and know you will be there waiting when he comes back!

John Sutton's Romantic Technique

Continued from page 43

through your own intensity of feeling—the camera goes far below the surface.

"Once I establish the mood of this make-believe emotion, it is easy to hold it. For example: there's that charming minx, Betty Grable, sitting at the next table chatting with a group of soldiers, but to me she is *Carol*, the pert little heroine in 'A Yank in the R. A. F.' whom I made love to in my home in Kent. Were I to go over and speak to her, she would still be *Carol*, with all the qualities I saw in the girl I loved in that war drama. That's the way it will be until I play with her again, then she'll become the new heroine."

Overhearing scraps of our conversation, Betty slipped away from her soldier boys and came to our table for a moment. "Sure, he concentrates!" she teased. "I remember an idyllic love scene we made in 'A Yank in the R. A. F.' while sitting in a pew of a quaint old church. A little later, they made a close-up of John, looking at me with his very soul in his eyes. I was out of camera range and being full of the devil, I sat there making faces, expecting him to burst into laughter. But no! He was so completely absorbed in his emotions that he didn't even see me. Why, I even began feeling saintly and almost ethereal, as I watched him. Remember that day?" Betty asked. Then she was gone.

John laughed. "Do I remember! She's dynamite, and our romantic scenes became a battle of techniques, with her effervescence upsetting my conservative English love-making. In that picture, you know, I lost Betty to Tyrone Power. So, when I heard that Annabella and I were to be lovers in 'Tonight We Raid Calais,' I

phoned Tyrone, saying, 'Revenge is sweet. Now, I'll make love to your real-life wife, how do you like that?' But the pay-off is, that Annabella and I had no hot love scenes, just a few beautiful moments that suggested when the war was over we would find each other and complete our romance. But we had more fun during the filming than any picture I've ever made. We spoke French all the time, and as I happened to be familiar with a few choice slang phrases that Annabella didn't know, I'd pass them on to Tyrone so he could surprise her during dignified moments. We had her so bewildered that she began to wonder if she really knew her native tongue."

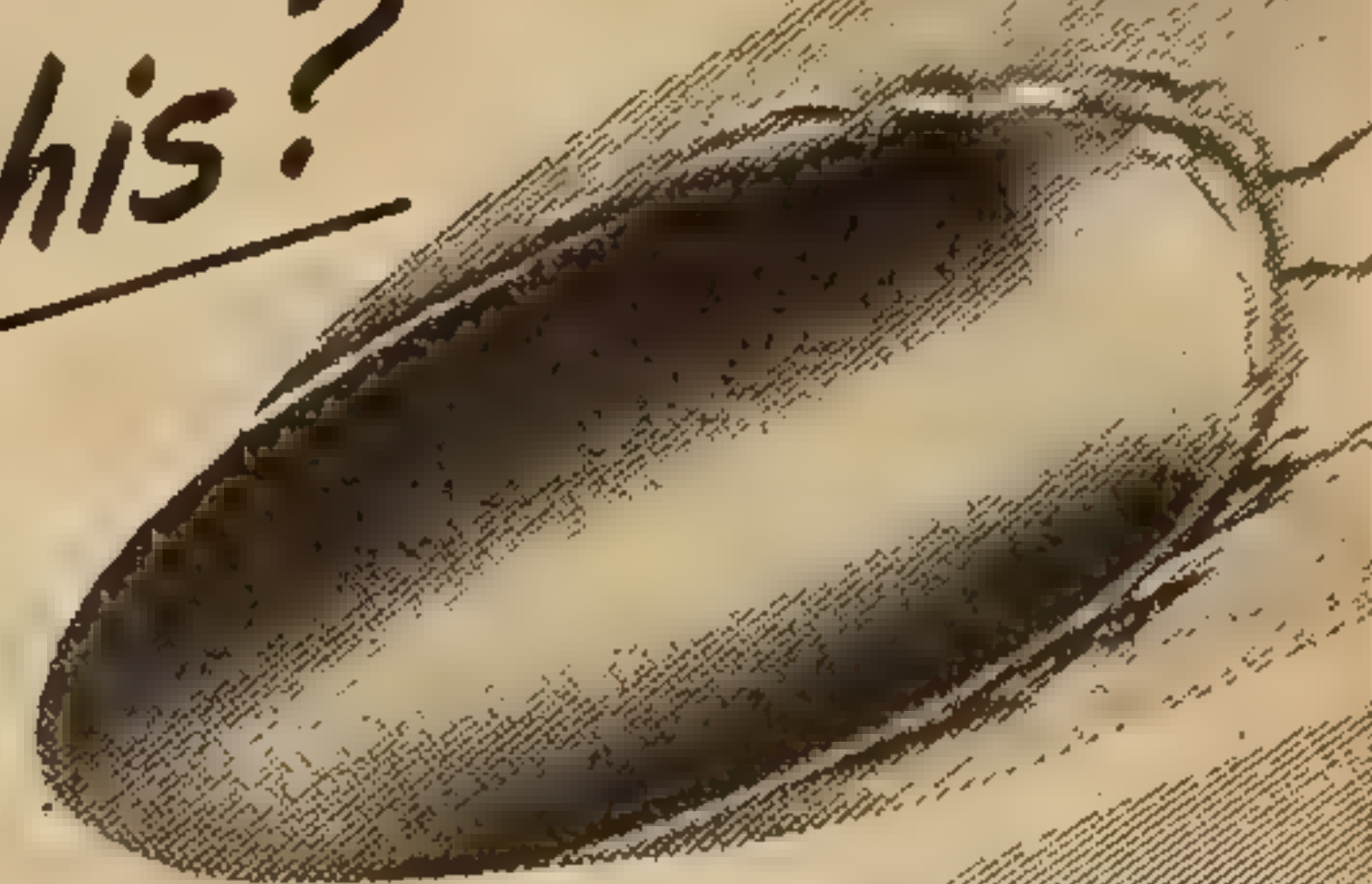
Recalling that Gene Tierney once told me she received her first screen kiss from John in "Hudson's Bay," and that she was eternally grateful for his sweet consideration that saved her from any embarrassment, I asked, "What about Tierney?"

"I've played with Gene twice, and check this up in my favor, I won her both times," he replied. "She's a charming girl in any mood. The first picture was 'Hudson's Bay' and she was still very young, playing a conservative English girl. The second was 'Thunderbirds.' By this time Gene had grown up, matured, and in the rôle of a boisterous American girl, the approach and emotional response were in a different key and we both threw ourselves into the action with more ease."

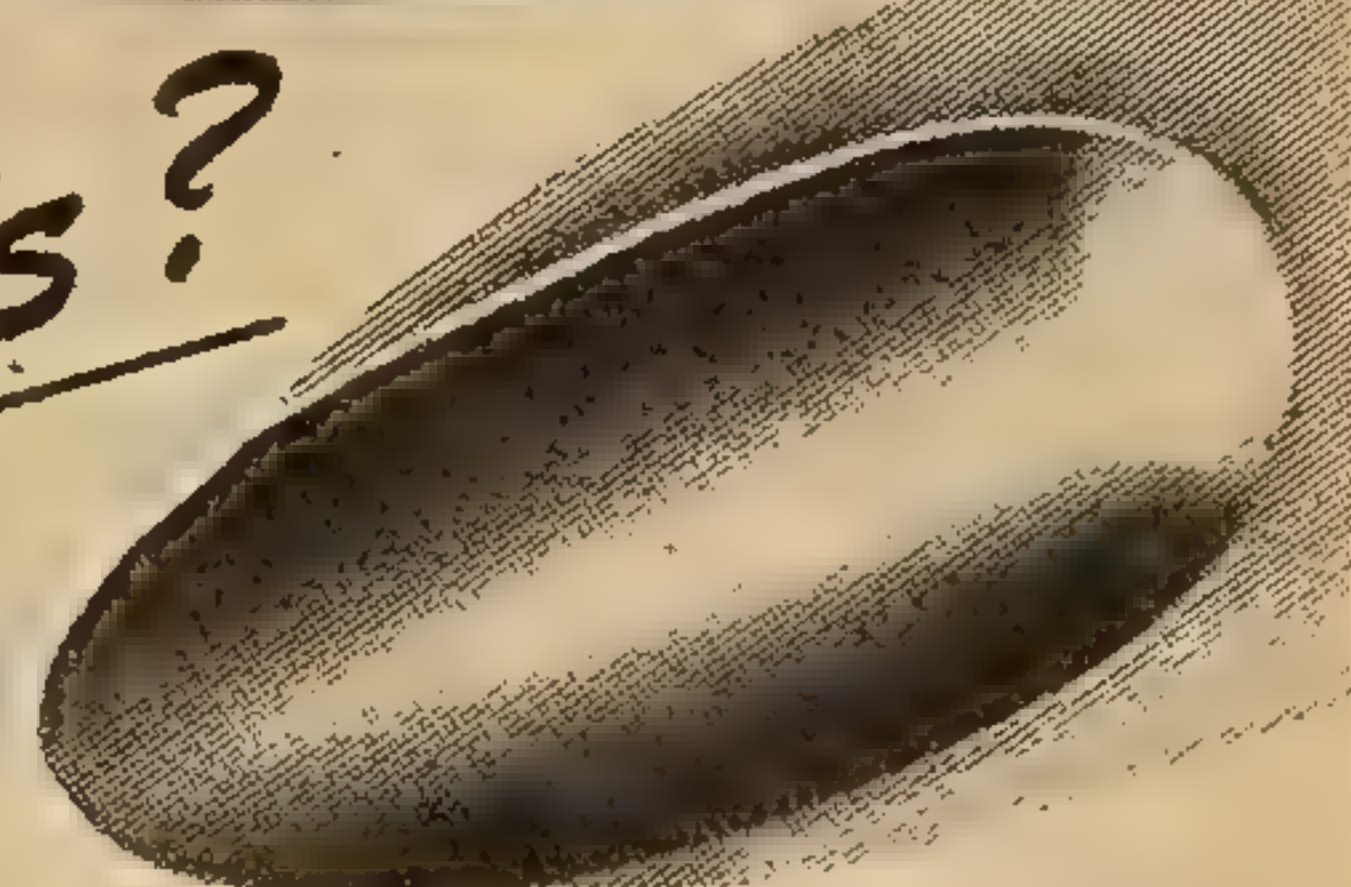
Laughing must be John Sutton's creed, for a pervading merriment is his most pronounced characteristic. He's genial, democratic, and popular, not only with his leading ladies to whom he spells Romance with a capital R, but with everyone whom he

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meets. His own life has been more exciting and adventurous than anything he has ever played on the screen.

Börn in Rawalpindi, India, where his father was an English officer, his first words were Hindustani for his nurses were natives, his playmates children of other officers stationed at Rawalpindi. At five he was sent to England where he discovered another language. He was graduated from Wellington College and Sandhurst, then, instead of entering military service, he set out to tour the British Empire. His adventures started in South Africa where he spent eight months on a treasure hunt in the veldt, hiding by day from hostile natives, and searching by night for the lost gold train of Oom Paul Kruger. He found no gold, so he became a small-scale veldt rancher. This prospered, but the lure of the treasure haunted him and he sold his ranch to outfit another expedition, disappearing into the interior of Africa. Seven months later he limped into his uncle's home in Capetown; his two companions had died of fever, his equipment was stolen. His uncle promised him fare to another uncle in Assam, if he promised not to spend it on treasure-hunting.

The uncle in Assam was a tea planter and made John district manager. So, for a year, he rode elephants around the plantation and diligently covered all duties, but tiring of the loneliness, he moved on. After encircling the globe, he finally landed at San Pedro Harbor, where the California sunshine appealed to him and he decided to remain.

"There has been a soft spot in my heart for Americans," said John, "ever since I met two charming girls in Paris the summer I was fifteen. They came from New Orleans, and their graciousness and sweet voices completely captivated me. So what more natural than I should fall in love with an American girl? I did just that. She was a non-professional from Philadelphia, and after a whirlwind courtship of three weeks, we were married."

It was after this that John broke into the picture business as technical adviser on British films, and this led to acting. Bette Davis glimpsed the talents in this easy-going, tall Englishman—he's six feet, two inches, and urged he be given a good part in "Elizabeth and Essex." A contract with Universal followed, then came one with Twentieth Century-Fox, and stardom.

Applying for his American citizenship brought out some curious details. He first

entered the United States from England; then in 1933 came via China, to remain. Three years ago he discovered his visa had expired and hastened to Canada, only to find it would be several years before he could return under an English quota. Fortunately, he proved he was born in India, and came in under that country's unfilled quota. Now that his three years' legal residence is completed he wants his American citizenship so he'll be able to enlist. He registered with the British Consulate when war was declared, but was never called by his mother country.

"And your wife, what does she think of your screen love affairs?" I asked.

"She takes it calmly," he answered, laughing. "My first Universal picture was 'Towers of London' in which I made love to pretty Nan Gray. My wife and I attended the preview and she sat there quivering, as she watched the sizzling scenes—they were plenty hot. Finally, she whispered, 'Don't tell me you didn't like that!' I replied, 'Of course, I did. Every minute of it!' So that ended that, and she's never bothered about my movie loves again."

John's prize possession is his beautiful Harlequin Great Dane, Susie, who is as big as a pony. But alas, Susie and the movies don't click. The one time there was a chance of her becoming a Glamor Queen, she upset the plans by being too friendly, too playful, and in two minutes the set was bedlam. Director Henry King took one look at the excitement and said, "Susie won't do, John. Instead, I think I'll use a Pekinese!"

Summing up, John said, "It takes time and living to ripen emotional appreciation. Many of the screen's finest lovers are no longer dashing young blades; instead, they have that rich understanding that is a gift of years, and of full lives. It takes a lot of living to know what life is all about. I believe that more and more it will be the mature actors who bring charm and grace to our picture romances. They have learned to use their emotions as a musician does his violin, to bring out all these intangible shades of feeling, to be provocative, and know when to start the flame. Experience alone can do this.

"Being an actor is always exciting. It offers the best chance for release from the humdrum. I still speak Hindustani, and sometimes I dream of the Oom Paul Kruger's lost treasure, but I think from now on, I'll find my adventures via the movies!"

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

In direct antithesis of being unpatriotic, an overdose of anything lessens effectiveness. Those of us on the home front are working under tension and require peaceful entertainment; the lift of laughter, films vividly portraying the American-way-of-life for which our valiant fight to preserve; films which shall be the shining symbol to civilian and service men alike, vested with the power to leave us refreshed, stimulated, eager to extend every extra effort required to assure: **THUS BE IT EVER!**

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Pa.

"China Girl" brought us plenty of entertainment and some remarkable information. I hope Madame Chiang Kai-shek went to see this wonderful film, because it has done much to aid her cause. "China Girl" swept aside all racial prejudices and presented the plight of her country in terms that every-

one can understand. But long after the sentimental angle of the play has been forgotten, the terror, pathos, and bravery of a young Chinese school teacher and her small pupils will linger in my mind.

I have done so little when I should have been doing so much to relieve the suffering of her race. But now my eyes have been opened by "China Girl" and an American boy. But only a Gene Tierney and a George Montgomery could have filled an evening of romantic entertainment with the grim underlying tragedy of a nation with its back to the wall. And these players did it so convincingly that China's need of help has suddenly become my duty and responsibility as a means of protecting America. And it is my hope that we all have the privilege of enjoying the dramatic skill of these two stars in many future informational rôles.

B. F. MURRAY, Tacoma, Wash.



Mary Astor, who likes to have fresh flowers in every room of her home, grows them and personally attends to their arrangement. Above, placing a bowl of garden flowers on her table and, below, in her living room, with a vase of calla lilies from her own garden.

Streamlined Living

Continued from page 13

quets, but if I am busy I do not ask the maids to do this. Instead of flowers on the table, I use an arrangement of fruit, candelabra, or an interesting pottery piece when I can't give the flowers my personal attention."

Half of what used to be colorful flower beds have been transformed into a Victory Garden, where almost every variety of vegetable is grown.

"My Victory Garden produces lavishly, so rationing hasn't made it necessary for me to give up entertaining," said Mary, as we admired the even rows of eatables that make a pattern at one side of the house.

"Some of my good friends live nearby; others don't mind doubling up in each others' cars to drive out this distance—and so we manage to get together whenever studio calls or civilian defense work permit.

"I don't serve elaborate dinners now. Even when I'm having just a few guests in, I serve buffet fashion as much as possible. This economizes on my maids' time and fits into wartime informality."

Here is a sample menu recently served at Mary's streamlined home:

MENU

Cocktails	Hors d'oeuvres
	Astor Beans
Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce	
Green Salad	Hot Rolls
Fresh Pineapple	
Coffee	

The *hors d'oeuvres* consisted of tiny hard crackers spread with unrationed cream cheese mixed with chopped chives, pimienta cheese and sliced stuffed olives, and a plateful of raw carrot sticks, raw cauliflower flowerets and snips of raw turnip set around a bowl of Russian dressing.

"Astor Beans" are a favorite among the meat substitutes Mary has found it wise to

serve. Unless your guests bring meat with them, or you are fortunate enough to find good poultry on the market, a main course must be meatless.

ASTOR BEANS

Soak white navy beans overnight. Next day cook in salted water until soft; then



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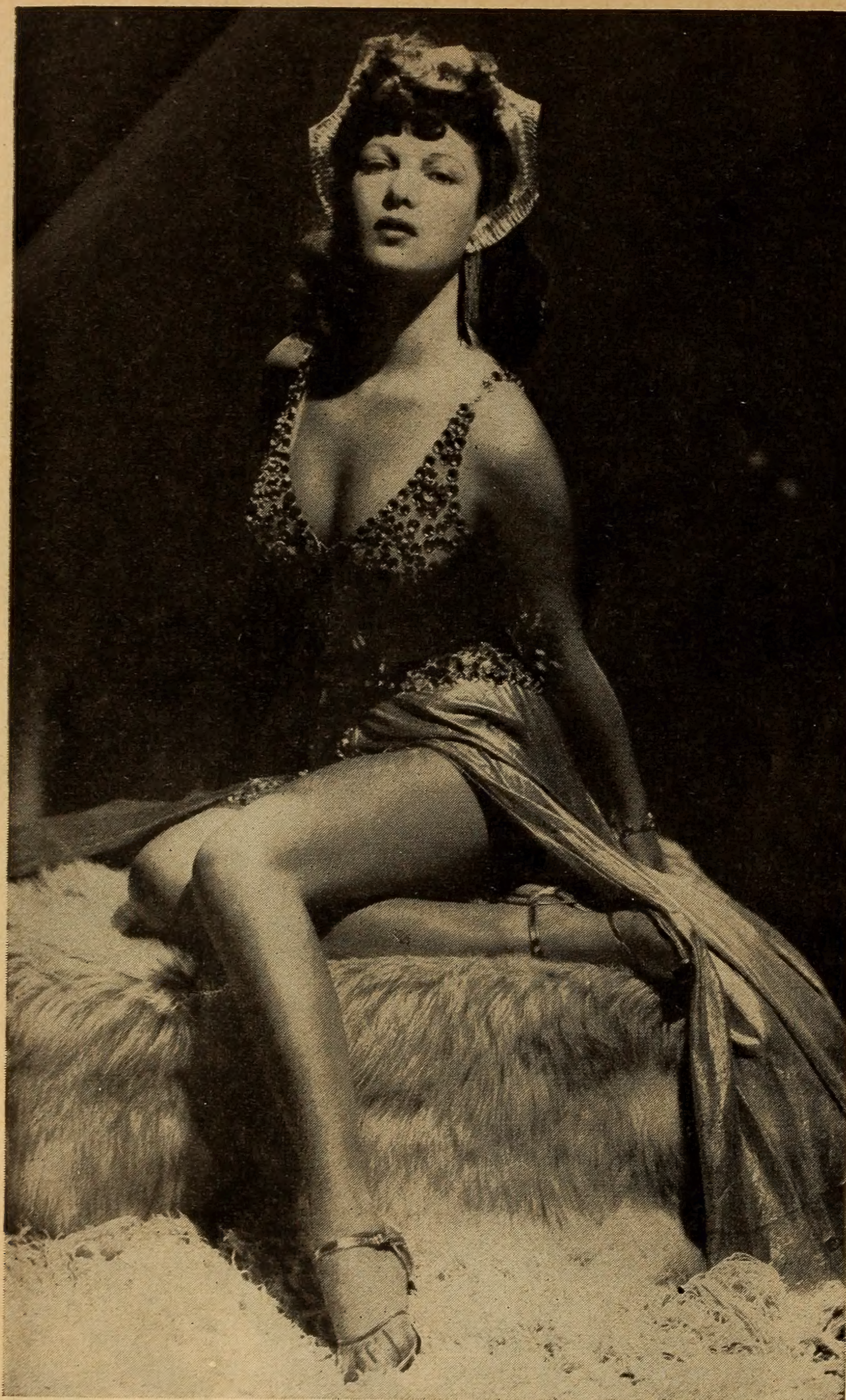
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New movie Pin-Up Girl: Ann Corio, now starring in Monogram's "Sarong Girl," and sure to win a wide following when she poses for pictures like this.

drain. Put several slices of bacon into a frying pan with an onion cut in small pieces and sauté. Into the bacon, when crisp, put your beans and keep turning in pan until they begin to brown. Then add one small can of tomato paste and one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce.

Cook this mixture until it thins, then take a slice of American cheese (the plain old rat-trap cheese) and cut up in pieces the size of a small nut, drop in and stir until the whole mixture is very hot.

Serve at once.

If you don't wish to serve asparagus, arrange a platter of garden vegetables in contrasting colors—beets, summer squash, green peas and Swiss chard, for example.

The salad Mary served included all her Victory vegetables—radishes, lettuce, Romaine, endive, parsley, cucumbers, green peppers and tiny young green peas, raw.

"If butter is not obtainable, I omit hot rolls. With young children in the house, I follow the English custom and see that they are supplied first. Bread sticks or miniature cucumber rolls are good without butter. For cucumber rolls, my cook cuts bread very thin, slices cucumbers in wafers over the bread and rolls them up. She keeps these in the refrigerator until served."

Sometimes, instead of fresh pineapple dessert, Mary serves melon balls, preferably three kinds—watermelon, honeydew, and cantaloupe—arranged in cannon-ball piles with a little grenadine poured over them.

"A new dessert I tasted while I was making 'Faculty Row' with Herbert Marshall at M-G-M, is going to be on my next menu," confided Mary. "My cook will explain how it's made. The secret of serving this dessert is to approach your cook successfully. If she's sold on it, she won't object to its complications. I admit it's more work than scooping out melon balls!"

FRUIT FLUFF

- 1 package fruit Jello (lime is excellent)
- 1 package vanilla pudding
- 1 lime (grate skin first and set aside)
- ½ lemon (grate skin first and set aside)
- 2 oranges (grate skin of one and set aside)
- 1 small can evaporated milk left in refrigerator 24 hours
- 1½ cups milk
- Canned or fresh fruit (fresh peaches are delicious)

Make vanilla pudding in double boiler, using only 1½ cups milk. Otherwise follow directions on package. Set in cold water to cool, then put in refrigerator.

Make Jello with 1 cup hot water, ¾ cup cold liquid consisting of the juice of lime, lemon and 1 orange. Add water if necessary, but it seldom is. Put in refrigerator and when it is ALMOST SOLID whip until it is like whipped cream.

Add vanilla pudding by spoonful and whip again.

Whip canned milk stiff as you can, then add, and rewhip.

Now add grated peel and pieces of fruit. I used fresh peaches and the orange sections cut from inner skin with a grapefruit knife.

Serve in sherbet glasses, heaped high, garnished with half orange sections.

Cherry Jello and canned red cherries, adding sugar, could be used. You cannot use figs of any kind as they digest the Jello and it won't set.

Mary thinks it's a good idea, if there are children in the house, to serve as many meals as possible outdoors. Children enjoy picnics and are usually eager to set them out and clear away, always a welcome help when one maid is doing the work of two.

"I've done away with fancy frills in the bedrooms, too," Mary pointed out. "Here the windows are again treated to simple straight drapes and no curtains, the bedspreads are tailored, there are no long folds sweeping the floor, no dressing-table skirts, no unnecessary pretty-pretties."

Mary's own bedroom, as well as her upstairs den, is a haven for books; each has bookshelves reaching to the ceiling. Books are to her necessities, and she must have them at hand. She is a writer, too, but both the kidney-shaped blonde wood desk in her bedroom and the more official-looking desk in her den are kept neatly streamlined.

"The house is still comfortable, but it's uncluttered," she said. "I keep right at hand the items that are used often; everything else is out of sight."

"One advantage of streamlining is that little children have no knick-knacks to break, no extra trouble to get into. Even my perfume collection is put away, except the bottle in current use. The idea is to eliminate waste motion for the duration."

"I have no all-white rooms, no delicate pastels, no bed canopies, no organdie lamp shades, nothing fragile or useless. I insist that the house be immaculate and my scheme makes this possible with a minimum of effort."

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